

10 CENTS PER WEEK.

THE
SALE
OF
RUBBERS
AND
OVERSHOES
STILL
CONTINUE
AT
S. G. AUSTIN & CO.

CITY COUNCIL.

The mayor and all but two of the aldermen were present at the council meeting last evening. It did not take long to transact the business for there was little that took their attention. Regular monthly bills were audited. A petition for a gas light at Charter's corner on Boyd street was handed to proper committee, and a petition from Mr. Snyder to be allowed to protect his property on Peoria avenue near the creek by placing a stone wall on the north side was referred to street committee with power to act. Merchant police H. F. Matthews was employed to assist night policeman John Gaffney.

—Do you know beans? Miss Josie Byers, of the Phoenix restaurant does and she gets a lady's handsome watch for guessing the number of beans in the glass jar at Countryman & Co.'s store. There were eight hundred and eight and she guessed eight hundred and three.

Prized Pauline Pottery!

Is selling rapidly; we are sole agents for Dixon.

OUR LAMP STOCK

is the Largest and Most Complete in the city, at prices as low as the lowest. Also a magnificent display of Holiday Gifts in their season.

TILLSON & HAYDEN

Leaders in Wall Paper and Curtains.



IF YOU ARE THINKING

Of having ENLARGING done for the holidays, now is the time before the rush. We have just received a new line of frames, and are prepared to do high grade work in this line; also anything you may wish in the PHOTOGRAPH line.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED!

Chiverton & Heckman

PHOTOGRAPHERS,
Over City National Bank, Dixon, Ill.

THE REASON WHY

Everybody buys their
Diamonds!
Watches!
Silverware!

S. S. DODGE, The Jeweler.

Is because he keeps the Largest and Finest Assortment, sells at the Lowest Cash Prices, and everything can be relied upon as being what it is represented.

Cor. First St., and Hennepin Ave.

BEFORE DISPLAYING

Our stock of HOLIDAY GOODS, we call your attention to our full line of Cough Syrups, Headache Powders, Toilet Cream, Toothache Remedy and Corn Cure.

Our line of Toilet Articles, Chamois and Brushes,

IS COMPLETE.

H. E. DONALDSON,

WATCHES!

The sale of first-class time keepers is an important feature of our business, and the reason we are having such large sales in this line is owing to the fact that we sell strictly first-class watches at extremely low prices. We never misrepresent our goods, but will at all times sell you an honest watch at a close price, and guarantee to give you full value for your money. We have now in stock a large line of ladies' and gentlemen's fine watches, which it will be a pleasure to show you.

G. O. WENDEL,

Watchmaker
and Jeweler.

160 GALENA AVENUE.

CALL AT
KENNEDY'S
AND SEE HIS

OIL HEATERS!

Guaranteed not to smoke or emit any gaseous odor.

PRICE FROM SIX DOLLARS UP!

FOR

ELGIN,
AURORA,
WALTHAM,
ROCKFORD,
WATERBURY,
SPRINGFIELD,
DUEBER, HAMPDEN,
NEW YORK STANDARD



WATCHES!

In the Best Makes of Cases at a price that will suit you, see

KEWIN, The Jeweler.

6 EAST FIRST ST. (a with Yates.)

—James Adrian is up from Compton.

—County court will be in session Monday.

—John Conners has returned from Paw Paw.

—Mrs. G. K. Reynolds is visiting friends in Oregon.

—D. S. Horton placed a speaking tube in his drug store.

—Nels Bean, one of Compton's business men is here today.

—Mrs. A. O. Clark has returned from a visit at Volga, Iowa.

—B. Edelstein is the happy father of a baby boy born yesterday.

—H. V. Potter, the popular salesman of Aurora, is in town today.

—Mrs. V. Hackett of Mendota is visiting at the Wm. Rink residence.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Milen, of Canton, Ohio, are at the Nachusa house.

—Miss Bess Lewis is enjoying a visit from Miss Della Billig, of Foreston.

—Jim Brown, the well-known colored pugilist, left for Kansas City today.

—107 is the number of the new telephone placed at the Waverly House.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Waite have returned from their tour in the west.

—Chas. Plein has received a very handsome new silver plated hot water urn.

—Four new Remington typewriters were received at the college yesterday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith, of East Second street welcome a little girl to their home.

—J. A. Mitchell, formerly of Lake Forest University, visited Dixon friends yesterday.

—Hon. W. I. Giffin, who came up from Paw Paw yesterday, returned this afternoon.

—Geo. C. Morris, having decided not to go to LaSalle, went to Aurora this afternoon.

—It will pay you to read the new advertisements of C. H. Keyes and J. H. Todd & Son.

—J. Leander Hess arrived home today and will be here a month enjoying a holiday vacation.

—Jerome McKinney has been awarded the contract for all the painting in the new Pump Works.

—Mrs. J. N. Truit returned to Hillsboro this morning, after a pleasant visit with Dr. and Mrs. Blackman.

—C. H. Wooster, of Amboy, is in town on business with his Dixon partner, States Attorney C. B. Morrison.

—Miss Mae, Thayer, of Clinton, Iowa, who has been visiting Miss Barge, of Dixon, returned home today.

—Oscar McKenney returned to Mt. Carroll yesterday, after a few days visit with Dixon relatives and friends.

—Charles Shultz, after a visit in this city, has returned to Schuyler, Nebraska, where he has secured a good position.

—Invitations are out for a card party to be given by Mrs. A. A. Augur, of Bluff Park, on Thursday afternoon from 3 to 4.

—Misses Cord Davis and Fannie Walden of Lyons, Iowa, arrived today to Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Donaldson.

—William Horner, of Champaign county, is down in the swamps near Harmon today with John E. Grove, of Wilson & Co.

—A handsome plate glass fancy goods show case was received this morning at the O. H. Brown store. There is none like it in town.

—The Dixon Club will give a ladies' and gentlemen's progressive pedro party in the club rooms, next Thursday evening, December 8th.

—The regular annual meeting of Dixon Hose Company No. 1 will be held Monday evening, Nov. 5th, at which all members are requested to be present.

—Mrs. Charles Miller, who has been a visitor for several weeks at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Strong, returned to Milwaukee today.

—Billie Pollard, of Sterling, a brakeman on a branch of the Burlington road, while engaged about his train last Wednesday evening was run over and killed.

—The funeral service of Mrs. Eliza Perkins will be held at her late home in Dixon Sunday morning at nine o'clock, and in Harmon at the M. E. church at 1:30 p. m. of the same day.

—The two year old child of Amos Shoemaker died last night of typhoid pneumonia. The funeral will be held tomorrow morning at nine o'clock at the residence on the North side.

—The afternoon passenger on the Illinois Central going north is delayed about five hours today on account of trouble, presumably a wreck, below Clinton. The train will go north about seven o'clock.

—The C. A. Hasson Concert Company will on December 14 and 15 at the opera house, give an entertainment assisted by home talent, for the benefit of Henderson's Shoe Factory Band. This will be a sort of opening to the Holiday festivities.

—Judge Farrand had been contemplating for some time a visit to his former home in Indiana. Yesterday the judge's brother, J. W. Farrand, of Hastings, Nebraska, unexpectedly called upon him and the two quickly made arrangements and left on the eleven o'clock train to visit the father at Fort Wayne, Indiana. The judge will return Monday.

—Seventy-five couples attended the Marquette Club dance at Armory Hall last night and greatly enjoyed themselves. Messrs T. J. Hoban, E. F. Cahill, Jr., and Ed. Ramsey as floor managers succeeded in making the program a success. Prof. Smith's Orchestra furnished the best of music and Art Williams called the figures. The dancing was continued until about two o'clock this morning.

Increase the Police Force.

The numerous crimes which have been committed in this vicinity recently brings up the suggestion made some time ago of enlarging the police force. The present officers are capable and energetic men. Sheriff Stainbrook by virtue of his position, is the chief of the county, and well does he execute the duties of his office. When George gets on a criminal's trail there is little chance of escape. J. L. Gray, his deputy, is an excellent assistant. Marshal Ball, the chief of the city, is a fine officer and of more than local celebrity. He is a terror to wrongdoers and very popular with our law-abiding citizens, and lastly, the night watchman, John Gaffney, is one of the best allround policemen the city ever had. Hence it will be seen that our force is not inefficient, but insufficient. The sheriff and his deputy are occupied principally with county affairs, thus leaving one man to look after the whole town in daytime and one at night. This is not enough. A city of Dixon's size needs at least two policemen on duty all the time. This would give the chief more time for detective work and would insure better protection to our homes.

Classic Recital.

The classic class of '93 delivered their first term theses in chapel Hall last night before a very large audience. The subjects were all metaphysical and the speakers, who are fresh from the study of philosophy and philosophers from Aristotle to Sir William Hamilton. Each member of the class also exhibited considerable oratorical ability.

The programme was as follows: Piano Solo, Miss Lulu Harned; Recitation, J. W. Beemer; Imagination, Fay Crabbs; Vocal Solo, Nettie Garrison; Instinct, Frank Harned; Banjo Solo, Mr. Bagby; Perception, L. W. Miller; Affections, A. Richards; Piano Solo, Miss Harshburger; Miss Virginia Gray who was to have discoursed on the topic, Minerva, was too hoarse to speak. Prof. Dille announced that she would deliver her final next week in chapel; he then presented her to the audience as Minerva, the goddess of wisdom. Miss Gray gracefully bowed in response to the applause she received. The pleasure of the evening was somewhat marred by a few rude fellows who kept up a constant noise in the rear of the hall. If this annoyance is repeated, Mr. Sweezy, the efficient marshal should eject the offenders.

THE YELLOW SOCIABLE.

The spacious and elegant residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Street on Peoria avenue was last night brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, redolent with delicate perfume and resplendent with decorations of a rich golden yellow, not to mention the throngs of youth and beauty that gave life and animation to the scene. The house was filled with plants and vines, many of them laden with yellow blossoms, the whole most tastefully arranged and producing an effect of almost bewildering beauty. The parlors and dining room were draped with yellow tissue paper in festoons, while true lovers' knots and yellow roses, artificial and otherwise, adorned the picture frames, the piano, and seemed to rest everywhere and on everything. The electric lamps were furnished with yellow shades, which cast a golden glow over the assembly. The young ladies wore, conspicuously displayed, the prevailing color, and even their enthusiastic voices assumed a yell O' tone. Not only the ladies, but

Every girl's fellow was supposed to wear yellow.

We noticed one young man trying to pin a brass suspender button onto the label of his coat, a sign doubtless that he had at sometime been a victim of misplaced confidence. The refreshments consisted of Spanish cream and yellow cake, served by golden haired damsels. Kittie Remington and Jennie Earegey presided at the candy table, where the confectionary was all home-made and deliciously fresh. Lilliputian vials of handkerchief perfume, tied with yellow ribbon were sold from a yellow trimmed basket carried by the Lilliputian Earl Smith, who wore a yellow sash.

A neat programme was opened by an invocation from Rev. S. Earegey, and consisted of a piano solo by Horace Street, Jr.; recitation by Clea Watts; vocal solo by Fanny Myers; recitation and song by Earl Smith; recitation by Nellie Moore; vocal solo by Mrs. Worthington, and a piano solo by Anna Adams. The entire programme was excellently rendered and received many marks of commendation. The receipts of the evening were something over twenty dollars.

When the hour of dispersal arrived, an amusing little piece of play caught the eye of the reporter. At the head of the stairs were a group of young ladies—happy flies buzzing around, preparing for departure. At the foot of the stairs stood a young man—a solitary spider, spreading his web for the first time. The young women of today are however, rather inclined to choose their own escorts; so these flies, having spied the spider, for some reason determined to escape his toils. As he would evidently tackle the first to approach the hall door, it became a question who should be the champion mitter-weaver of her sex while the rest of the bevy flew by. At last one demure maiden approached and began to buzz his spidership; but just then a male companion from the back of the hall called to him to help carry in some chairs. "Oh I don't hear you, this is my busy day," said the would be beau; and turning to the young lady he said "Miss, may I"—but his request remained unuttered, for the other fellow broke him all up by saying, "O' come now, carry in these chairs and I will see you home." The laughing miss sped by and joined her companions on the lawn, and the whole posse of lovely girls declared that they could fairly hug that other fellow for so unconsciously extricating them from their dilemmas.

Eda June Mead and Lu B. Cake at college tonight.

There is every prospect that the real-estate market will be firm in this city and vicinity during the coming fall. We are having more inquiries for property now than ever before.

If you desire to sell you had better list your property where people go to buy, and there is no doubt but every well informed purchaser visits the real-estate office of C. H. HUGHES & CO., before making purchases.

Bear this in mind and leave your property in their hands if you expect to make quick sale.

This firm is also prepared to write first-class fire, life or accident insurance, and you can rest assured that your insurance business will receive prompt attention in this office.

You will find either C. H. Hughes or James N. Sterling in this office at any time during business hours.

X-MAS PRESENTS.

Arrived this morning from New York City, Holiday stock now ready for your inspection; call in early to make your selections. By purchasing now you certainly will not regret it. For fine goods at lowest prices, stop at

W. D. DUFFIN'S,
Registered Druggist, Dixon, Ill.
Third door north of Postoffice.

Our Latest Bargains!

A new two-story 6 room house on 3d street, block 56, going at \$1575; its cheap at \$1800.

A Neat House, corner Perry place and 1st St. \$1475 buys it.

A Five-room House in Hines' addition; a bargain at \$875.

A Choice Lot on north side, 2 blocks from bridge, only \$400.

See my 1st street lots in block 35, at \$525.

LOVELAND & STITLEY,

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

DO YOU WANT

A nice lot? I have it for you.

DO YOU WANT

A pleasant home? Let me sell it to you.

DO YOU WANT

Fire insurance?

DO YOU WANT

Accident insurance?

DO YOU WANT

Life insurance?

DO YOU WANT

The earth? Then call on

F. E. WRIGHT,

Brown's Building, corner Galena Avenue and First street.

Pianos and Organs,

P I A N O S

O R G A N S

Guitars, Accordions, Autoharps, Violins, Mandolins, Music Boxes, Music Wrappers, Cases, &c. Largest Stock and Lowest Prices.

—AT—

T. J. MILLER'S Music Store,

No. 11, EAST FIRST STREET.

WM. BECK & SONS,

FASHIONABLE TAILORS!

A complete line of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WOOLENS

—FOR—

Fall and Winter!

Wm. Beck & Sons

No. 173 Galena Avenue.

Bargain in second-hand Buggies

SURREYS

PAUL G. LORD

Deals in Reliable Work

Tire Setting and Wheel work a specialty.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING.

SURREYS

CARRIAGES.

WE ARE MOVING : :
OUR LAMP STOCK!

WE WANT YOUR HELP!

In order to close out our entire stock of Hanging and Table Lamps. We have cut the prices so low it will pay you to help us move them.

D. S. HORTON, Prescription Druggist,
Dixon, Illinois.

NOW IS THE OPPORTUNITY!

SHOES MUST GO.

Small Profits! Large Sales!

Three Day's Shoe Sale, Thursday, Friday and Saturday,

And in this sale will be shown C. M. Henderson's Fine Shoes, made expressly for O. H. Brown & Co. Why not save ten per cent. and purchase on this date. Our line of Gents' Furnishings, E & W Collars, Wilson Brothers Shirts, the Latest Neckwear and Finest Underwear in Dixon. Look at our 50c qualities warmest Gloves and Mittens in Dixon; Men's Arctics for \$1.00; Rubbers to fit everyone.

Remember the Great Shoe Sale December 1, 2, 3.

O. H. Brown & Co.

A Car Load of Very Choice Apples

Just Received at

J. H. MORRIS & SON.

117 Galena Avenue.

BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL

Kitchen Hardware!

Don't you want a new Tea or Coffee Pot in place of the old tin one that can never be kept clean inside? We have them in great variety—handsome, durable and always as clean as fine china.

We have the very best Butcher and Bread Knives, and Carvers. Also Pocket Knives, Razors, Scissors and Shears, of quality that you can depend upon.

ALEXANDER & HOWELL,

Telephone 51. 112 Galena Ave.

CLEARING SALE!

AT BRUBAKER & CARPENTER'S

CLOAKS, CLOAKS,

10 to 50 per cent. discount

Don't buy that new cloak until you see our bargains.

Merino Underwear, cheaper than cheapest; Muffs and Fur Trimmings, best assortment in the city; Carpets and Oilcloth at reduced prices.

Brubaker & Carpenter,

154 Galena Avenue.

Money's Slipping Through Your Fingers,

And it's gone forever unless you take advantage of the bargains we offer. The handsomest and most complete line of China, plain and decorated, ever in the city. Remember we have an elegant new stock of SILVERWARE. Tripple Plate Knives and Forks, plain or etched

Triple Plate Dessert

Tea, Table Spoons,

Butter Knives, Sugar Shells, Carving Sets, &c. The price? Well, RIDICULOUSLY LOW, at

I. B. COUNTRYMAN'S

165-167-169 Galena Avenue.

THE GOLDEN CAVES.

CHARLES M. QUAD, B. LEWIS.

COPYRIGHT BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, 1920.

CHAPTER XVIII.



"So you've got gold in the wagon?"

The next three days were full of strange events. The party which set out from the wagon train to hunt for the canyon were certain that the one in which the renegades had encamped was the place they were looking for. Taylor and one of the renegades prospected down the valley and found a canyon which Taylor was sure contained the cave and its treasure. Both parties were working in the dark, but the wagonmen had the advantage. They knew the renegades for what they were, and also discovered that Taylor had joined them. Some of the men were for attacking them and wiping out the whole five to revenge the murder of the emigrant and his wife, but this the captain would not approve. He would lose a man or two at least, even if he won a great victory, and he did not forget that the Indians might make their presence known at any moment.

At the second visit paid the canyon above the renegades the wagonmen penetrated far enough to be certain that this was the one described by Saunders. They would have investigated still closer but for the approach of a storm, which made them anxious to reach the shelter of camp.

Strangely enough, the other party was just as firmly convinced that the other canyon was the right one, and on the forenoon of the third day it was decided that they should move. Bob had told a big story to get the other party off the valley, and as they had not moved the renegades did not know what to make of it. He could not see why they should question his veracity, but Taylor made the situation plain when he said:

"Harkins has no doubt told them of the cave, and they are making a still hunt for it. Depend upon it, he has given the secret away, and they'll divide up the stuff if they find it."

It was decided to hitch up and move down the valley at once. It would not do for Taylor to be seen, and he was to hide away in the wagon. Bob cooked up what he thought a very plausible yarn, and about noon Joe, who happened to be looking up the valley, saw the wagon a mile away. The rescued girl was at once hidden from sight and the seven men in the camp quietly made ready to meet an attack.

The wagon came on, three of the renegades riding their horses and the fourth driving, while the horses of the latter and the one belonging to Taylor followed the wagon. The vehicle could have passed the camp by fifty yards, but it drove up and halted within ten, and Bob called out:

"Hello! to all of ye again. I reckoned ye'd be up at the diggings by this time, but ye don't seem to keener for gold. I come out to guide these boys, who he made their pile and are now headed for Brule. Didn't see anything of the lost gal yet?"

The captain being absent with a party, Joe took it upon himself to answer. "We shall probably move this afternoon. The wagon has been overhauled and fixed. So you've got gold in the wagon?"

"Gold? nuff to buy half of Dakota, my friend. Sorry we can't let ye see it, but it's kivered up fur the journey. Meet any luck yet?"

"Only so so. Where did you get that bay horse?"

"I was just going to ask ye if ye had ever seen him afore. We met a chap named Taylor a couple of days ago, who was headed for the mines. He allowed he didn't need his horse any longer, and I bought the beast for fifty dollars."

"Yes, that is Taylor's horse, and I was wondering how you came by him. Was Taylor all right?"

"Seemed to be as pert as a cat. So ye are going away today?"

"That's what we expect."

"Waal, I'm going on with the boys fur about twenty mile and I may see you as I cum back. Good luck and goodbye."

The little party moved off down the valley, every renegade chuckling with satisfaction, and they were soon out of sight. Half an hour later the captain and his party returned and dinner was quickly dispatched and the teams harnessed for a move. By three o'clock a new camp had been formed in the mouth of the canyon. The wagons were run in out of sight, a wall of rock was piled up as a screen and a defense, and in a little cave were found water and grass for the horses for the time being.

It was well that they had moved with promptness and made things secure. Before sunset the rain descended in such torrents that the main valley was almost a river. A good sized stream swept down the bed of the canyon and out into the valley, and within an hour the footprints of the horses and the tracks of the wagons had been obliterated. The storm lasted half the night, causing great discomfort in the camp, but the next day was not three hours old when everybody was made to realize that the storm was his salvation. Some of the men were still eating their breakfast when Joe, who had been down to the mouth of the canyon for a look around, returned and said:

"Injuns tell you can't rest?"

"Where? Where?" called half a dozen men.

"In the valley. A band of at least fifty has just gone tearing by."

ably expected to find us at the other camp."

"Well, I hope they'll keep right on as they are going."

"But they won't, captain. They know that we left that camp about noon yesterday. They picked up a dozen proof of it. They believe we went straight up the valley. They'll figure that we couldn't have gone over ten or twelve miles when the storm broke. Five miles above this they will be looking for our trail. If they don't find it they will ride on five miles farther. Then they will discover that we did not go that way at all."

"And then what?"

"They will come back looking into all the hiding places, and we shall have a fight with odds of five to one."

"I'm afraid so," said the captain, "and this time we cannot look for a rescue by the soldiers. The party which passed down yesterday has no doubt been butchered."

"I think the reds struck into the valley by a pass farther up," answered Joe. "There would have been fighting, and we should have heard the reports of rifles. We must get ready."

The mouth of the canyon was about one hundred feet wide. Seventy-five feet up it narrowed to fifty feet and made a bend. The wagons were in this bend and a wall had already been thrown across a portion of the fifty feet. Every man now went to work to extend this wall to a distance of thirty-five feet and to make it look like a landslide from the bank. Dirt was thrown in among the rocks, and bushes pulled up and set among them, and two or three of the men brought armfuls of vines and creepers and trailed them over the wall.

It would not do to close up the entire width of the canyon, as the Indians probably knew of its existence. The wall made a strong barricade, and as the men surveyed it from the other side they pronounced the deception perfect.

The test was at hand. They were yet at work when the advance of the Indian party was seen returning down the valley. They knew that if the wagon had come up the valley they had dodged in somewhere.

"Every man to his rifle," ordered the captain, and in a moment the gloomy mouth of the canyon was as quiet as a grave yard.

CHAPTER XIX.



"Great heavens, but what is that?" The Indians were in truth looking for the wagons. Both parties had a narrow escape. Their presence in the valley had been detected by scout or stroller and information carried to some point from which a war party of seventy had been dispatched to surprise and annihilate them. This party had come by one of the narrow valleys and found the camp abandoned. The severe storm had obliterated all traces, and the Indians had gone up the valley to pick up the trail. As they returned they were riding at a slower pace, and were spread out the width of the valley.

Would they look into the mouth of the canyon?

The query was answered five minutes later. Three warriors turned their ponies to the right and rode in to within ten feet of the stone wall. They rode its entire length and halted in the gap and looked up at the canyon.

The men were lying flat down on the earth, each clutching his rifle, and horses and wagons were just around the bend. Could it escape the Indians that the wall was artificial? Must not their sharp eyes detect the figures hugging the earth? It did not seem that the gold hunters had one show in a thousand to escape detection, and yet they were not detected. After a half of not more than a minute, though it seemed a quarter of an hour to each man, the trio of redskins passed on and the moment of peril was passed.

A bit of natural philosophy stood between the gold hunters and discovery. The Indians had turned into the gloom and shadow from the bright sunshine, and their vision was shortsighted and uncertain. Had they waited a little longer they must have seen something or other to arouse their suspicions, but they seemed impatient to get on.

"Thank God!" whispered more than one man as the horses were heard moving away.

In half an hour the gold hunters dared exult and plan. Two men were left at the wall as lookouts, three or four others were held as a reserve at the camp, and the captain, Harkins and Joe set out up the canyon to search for the cave of gold. When the darkness became so intense as to interfere with their progress they lighted torches and a thorough inspection was made of both walls.

The canyon extended into the mountain for a full mile, winding and turning, and long enough before it ended the pine trees met above it and prevented a single ray of light from descending. Nothing answering the description of the dying hunter could be found. He had said, as Harkins understood, "five miles to the right of the peak." Here was the spot. He had described the mouth of the canyon and everything here bore out the description. He said that Bridger went up the canyon about a mile and then turned into a smaller one running to the left.

There was no such canyon. The left bank was solid rock and earth from the wagons to the spot where the great rift stopped short at a flinty wall a thousand feet high. The mighty wrath had split the mountain thus far, but it could go no farther.

Three times the men traveled from the camp to the end of the canyon, and then all were certain that Harkins had been mistaken. They sat down on a boulder in the bed of the canyon to rest and discuss the matter, while the single torch, secured in a cleft, hardly allowed them to see each other's faces.

"Well, we have no right to complain, as we have lost nothing," said the captain. "Indeed, if we had not slipped in here not a man of us would now be wearing his scalp."

"Wasn't the old man flighty in his last hour?" asked Joe of Harkins, who seemed much cast down.

"He gave no evidence of it, on the contrary, his mind seemed wonderfully clear to the last."

"Perhaps he said to the left instead of the right of Custer's peak," suggested the captain.

"No, I am sure he said to the right, but he may have meant the left."

"It's no use crying over spilt milk," laughed the captain.

"If we have lost the cave we have saved our scalps. I'm inclined to think the old man mispoke himself. I believe those renegades gave this place a thorough looking over and are now in the canyon below, if there is a canyon there. If the cave is there they have got the gold ere this, and that ends it."

Harkins sat with bowed head. He had felt so sure that old Saunders told the truth that he hated to give up the search. There was deep silence for a moment, broken by a whisper from Joe:

"Great heavens, but what is that?" They were near the wall which formed the end of the canyon. All raised their heads and looked into the darkness and saw a faint light shining out like a star. At the same moment their ears caught the sound of many voices chanting in low tones, and a strange, weird music filled the heavy air.

"Hush—sit still!" whispered the captain as Harkins seemed about to spring up.

Then from the face of the solid rock issued forth a strange procession of strange shadows—shadows which moved in double file right past the trio down into the blackness of the canyon toward the wagons. The one who led the procession carried what looked like a banner. Behind him was one who seemed to carry an urn. Then came four shadows which bore a bier, and those who came after had their faces upturned and were wailing and chanting.

The men saw and heard and realized, but were chilled and powerless to move. Can the dead come back to earth? Do the ghosts of those who have gone before gather in the shadows and the darkness and hold reunions?

Chant! Chant! Chant! Out from the solid wall—a wall in which the sharp eyes of the gold hunters had failed to detect a crevice large enough to conceal a squirrel—poured the strange, queer specters, and down into the darkness marched the procession.

March! March! March! Their feet kept time to the wild, weird chant, but not the sound of a footfall came to the ears of the living. Each ghostly figure stood out separate and distinct, but not a face could be seen.

"We are doomed men!" groaned Harkins, as he covered his face with his hands to shut out the sight.

"Aye! We shall never leave this spot alive!" added Joe.

"Hush, men!" whispered the captain as he raised his hand. "They are dead, true enough, but they are the dead of a thousand years ago—the cave dwellers and the Aztecs. I have seen them twice before, and they brought no bad luck. Here they come on the other side!"

The three were seated on a rock in the center of the rift. The head of the spectral procession had gone down the canyon several hundred feet and then turned to come back on their left, passing them again within a few feet.

March! March! March! Chant! Chant! Chant! Soft and low and sweet came the notes—like the murmur of the August breeze in a forest pine. The feeling of awe was crowded out of the hearts of the living, and a feeling of sadness and reverence crept in.

It was the dead burying its dead! March! March! March! Never the echo of a footfall, never the touch of a skeleton foot to the flinty rock. The ear caught no sound but that of the ghostly voices chanting in unison.

And of a sudden he who headed the spectral procession swerved to the left and disappeared into the solid wall and was followed by the long lines until the last had been swallowed up and lost sight of. And then, as silence and darkness reigned again, the captain said:

"Men, we have a treasure here. Examine that wall and you will find an opening to a cave behind it."

CHAPTER XX.



The stone fell to the earth. "We're awake or asleep?" asked Joe, as he rubbed his eyes.

"Very wide awake," answered the captain.

"Aye! was it a procession, and did we hear music?" asked Harkins.

"Yes, I saw and heard the same thing once in the Rocky mountains, and once again in an old ruin in Arizona. I have met several men who have also seen and heard."

"There is no opening in the cliff," said Joe as he held the torch aloft; "not a crevice where they came out—not a hole where they went in. We have been fooled by the darkness."

"You and Harkins return to the wagon for crowbars, and while you are gone I will collect wood and build a fire to work by," answered the captain.

His seeming confidence inspired them, and without waiting for a closer inspection of the cliff they headed down the canyon for the tools. Upon reaching the wagons all was quiet, and the queries of the men regarding the use of the crowbars were to be put to were made light of, as it was deemed best not to raise hopes which might be disappointed.

The captain had a bright fire blazing against the cliff as the men returned, and in response to their looks of inquiry he put his hands on the rocks and said:

"See this line running here, and up this way, and to the right, and down and back? A great stone has been set in here and cemented in its place. The work was done so long ago that the cement is as hard as the rock and almost the color of it. One of you begin at that side, while I take a hand here."

Ten minutes' work proved what he had asserted—that a large stone had been fitted to an opening—but the work of drilling into the stone itself. When none came they had made a considerable impression, but fully realized that they had undertaken a laborious task.

The forenoon had passed with those at camp without alarm. The sentinels thought they heard the reports of rifles down the valley, but were not certain. Not an Indian had shown himself, and it was hoped that they had been thrown off the scent and would leave the valley.

From the first the two girls had been drawn to each other, and Lizzie found a

deep sympathizer in Bess. When brought into camp by Harkins the poor girl was in a truly forlorn condition, as may be imagined. While she still labored with the grief which choked her every time she thought of the sad fate of her parents, she had been made very presentable in appearance, and more than one of the wagonmen felt his heart beat faster at sight of her sweet, sad face.

As the trio returned to camp from their labors up the canyon, Bess beckoned her father aside and said:

"Our friend is worrying and wants to talk with you."

"Yes, I want to ask you about my mother," added Lizzie.

"I am sure I saw father lying on the ground, and have no doubt the renegades killed him as the first part of their plan. Mother and I both got away, and she was not overtaken. What would be her fate?"

"It is hard to say," replied Harkins after reflecting on the matter. "If she got through the night all right she may have found the trail of the wagons in the morning and overtaken the party. We must hope that she did. It may also be that your father was only stunned by the blow, and is ere this all right again and with his friends."

"Do you think there is even the faintest hope?" she tearfully asked.

"I do."

"Thank God for that! I shall almost cease worrying under that hope. And now what of myself?"

"You are to remain with us, of course."

"But for how long?"

"We cannot even guess. We may head back for civilization in a week—perhaps not for three months. It depends on our luck as gold hunters. It is more than likely that some of the party to which you belonged will be encountered soon, and who knows what good news we may receive. You are three welcome to all it may be in our power to do for you."

Meanwhile Bess had whisperingly inquired of Joe what chances the mother had of escape.

"God help her—none!" he answered. "She was wild with fear when she ran from the wagon, and she would grow wilder. Before morning came she was a maniac, but I doubt if she lived to see another day."

"Indians?" gasped Bess.

"No—wolves. At that distance from the mountains a man loaded down with firearms could hardly have kept them off all night. Encourage the girl all you can, but don't hope in your own heart that there is one chance in a million that she will ever see her mother again."

As the pair stood together apart Harkins observed them with a start and whispered to himself:

"Well, well, but I do really believe that my Bess has taken a liking to that chap! How queer!"

He might more truthfully have said, "How natural," and he might have used the word "love" for "liking." And when the man looked upon the sweet face of the orphan he had so gallantly rescued at the peril of his life, and felt his heart beating faster, he might have discovered another queer thing—that somebody else had "taken a liking."

The captain had given the men to understand that he was prospecting up the canyon for gold, but had said nothing of the discoveries made. When dinner was finished and the trio were ready to return he renewed his caution about keeping a steady lookout for danger, and ordered that no one was to leave camp on any pretext till his return. Then the three set out for the scene of their labors and began work immediately upon their arrival. They had no fear of their fire being seen or their blows overheard, and men who work to solve a mystery do not tire.

After three hours of hard work the crowbars secured such a grip on the stone that it moved. One united effort would have it out of the opening. It was then that the captain stepped back and sat down and said:

"Let us take a breathing spell now, and let us prepare ourselves to be disappointed."

"What do you think is behind the stone?" asked Joe.

"A cave of some sort."

"Aye! what shall we find in the cave?" asked Harkins.

"The shriveled bodies of dead Aztecs. That lost race always buried their dead in caves, and when the place would hold no more it was walled up. I have helped to open three or four."

"But why go to all this trouble to open a cave of bone and dust?" petulantly queried Harkins.

"As the Indian of today places the property of the dead warrior beside him that he may have an outfit in the happy land beyond, so the Aztecs placed the wealth of their dead beside them in their graves. I have seen many ornaments of gold and silver which came from such caves."

"Then let us to work!" exclaimed Joe as he seized a bar.

"We shall find a cave of dead if not a cave of gold," added Harkins.

The bars were inserted on the left hand side of the stone, each man drew a long breath and at the word each threw his weight on his lever. The stone trembled, moved forward, hung a moment and then fell to the earth with a heavy thud, and an opening appeared into which a horse could almost have walked.

[CONTINUED.]

The Bath in Central Africa. The Africans are a very hardy race, and I think it is no doubt owing to a very great extent to the introduction they receive at a very early age to the strengthening effect of cold water bathing. Every morning as soon as they leave their huts the women file down to the river's edge to give their babies a bath. The mother walks knee deep into the stream, then catching the half-awakened infant by the wrist, she dips him into the chilly water and holds him firmly as he wriggles beneath the surface.

It always happens that several women are so occupied at the same time, and they naturally engage in conversation, when the discussion is often of so interesting a character that the infant in the water is almost forgotten, till his frantic struggles and tugging warn the dusky parent that he is not amphibious. The child is then hauled out, but before he has time to recover his violent choking and spluttering are again lost in the depths of the muddy stream. After repeating this operation four or five times, the mother carries the bewildered little piece of ebony humanity back to the village, and spreads him out on the mat in the sun to gradually recover from the shock.

This seems to me to be rather a

rough and uncomfortable means of providing for the survival of the fittest.—E. J. Glave in Harper's Young People.

How Taxes Open Oysters.

An eminent artist says: "Some thirty years ago I was sketching on the shore at Lochgil Head when a shepherd accosted me. He even looked at my sketch, and drew my attention to a low lying mass of rock jutting out from the shore that I had caught as faithfully as I could. 'Yes, sir,' he said, 'a curious thing occurred there about three weeks ago. Foxes, you well know, sir, are in the habit of coming down at low tide and eating the oysters out of their shells. One day I found one lying dead, and on examining it closely observed that its tongue was held as if by a vise. The oyster was firmly attached to the rock, and poor fox's tongue to the oyster, so the returning tide settled his fate.'"

"I asked if he had ever come by this kind of thing before. 'No, sir, never before, though I believe it is not uncommon. He was a young fox, though full grown, and maybe he was not up to the dodge of putting a stone between the shells. That is what I am told they say as a rule do. Oh, they are cunning things, foxes, whatever!' I tell you the story as it was told to me. I believed it, and I do so still."—London News.

No Fruits, but Plenty of Fun.

Mrs. Plumstead recalls the New England apple paring festivals—"the apple bees," when work was mixed with fun; when the farmer's son came to the village with the big wagon and gathered up the willing boys and girls to go home with him to the 'apple bee.' I see the big kitchen with its white scoured floor, ample fireplace filled with crackling logs, the white table freighted with large earthen pans of apples and lighted with tallow candles. Their air is filled with spicy odors and the talk and laughter of the boys and girls as they busily pare, core and quarter the apples. I see the long supper table set out with its homespun linen cloth, the blue dishes, the tureen of baked beans smoking hot from the brick oven; the Indian pudding, flanked on either side with pies of mince, apple, custard and pumpkin, brown bread, doughnuts, ginger bread, pickles and cheese."—Good Housekeeping.

How Eels Spawn.

Eels spawn like other fishes. For long, however, the most remarkable theories were held as to their birth. One of the old beliefs was that they sprang from mud; a rival theory held that young eels developed from fragments separated from their parents' bodies by the rubbing against rocks.

One old author not only declared that they came from May dew, but gave the following recipe for producing them: "Cut up two turfs covered with May dew and lay them one upon the other, the grassy sides inward, and then expose them to the heat of the sun. In a few hours there will spring from them an infinite quantity of eels."—Rod and Gun.

Monopolies in Old England.

Monopolies were quite common in England long before the days of the Stuarts, while it was under a Stuart, James I, that an act was passed declaring void all monopolies for the sole buying, selling and making of goods, excepting patents for fourteen years for any new process or new manufacture. This indeed was the first step toward free trade. The Tudors were really the great creators of monopolies, and Elizabeth was the greatest developer of them.—All the Year Round.

A New Suit Still.

Eight years ago, while a Philadelphia man was trying on a new suit of clothes in a clothing store, some one stole his watch. The suit he bought was worn out years ago, but the suit he brought against the proprietors for the value of his watch is still as good as new.—New York Tribune.

Mr. Toole's Jokes.

Mr. Toole has confessed to an interviewer that there is no truth in the rumor that he is "a reformed character" in the matter of practical jokes. On the contrary, he is of opinion that "a little harmless acting" of this sort off the stage "keeps one from growing old"—always remembering that practical jokes likely in the slightest degree to give pain are not fair game. Unfortunately the photographers, by making everybody's features familiar nowadays, rather spoil this amusement.

"Yesterday, however," said the popular comedian, "I went to a jeweler's to buy some plates and get some amusement for some time by pretending to be the income tax commissioner, and the other day Weedon Grossmith and I went to the Tower and made an offer for the hire of the crown jewels for some private theatricals."—London News.

Filling for Cracks in the Floor.

If the boards of a bare floor do not fit perfectly, have the spaces filled with putty or with a mixture which has been often recommended of late, of newspapers soaked in a paste made of flour and water. The proportions of this are one pound of flour, three quarts of water and one tablespoonful of powdered alum. The newspapers should be torn into bits, and the whole thoroughly boiled and mixed until of the consistency of putty. It may be colored with a little of the staining mixture, and should be forced into the cracks with a knife, when it will soon become hard and dry like papier mache.—Christian Union.

A Misquoted Proverb.

Perhaps no English proverb or proverbial phrase is more frequently misquoted than the one that speaks of hitting a nail on the head. Unthinking people almost always say the "right nail," which is absurd. The joiner who hit the wrong nail would be a "duffer" indeed, but an expert hand may now and then hit his nail otherwise than fairly on the head.—Notes and Queries.

THE CANE AND THE MAN.

A Thoughtless Fellow Created Considerable Havoc with a Stick.

He was a portly and dignified business man of Oakland, and he crossed on the narrow gauge boat Enchanted to San Francisco yesterday, accompanied by a stalwart cane. The boat was a little late in reaching the slip at the mole, and the passengers from three trains were waiting when the doors were opened. The man with the cane crossed the lower deck, and grasping the stair rail tucked his faithful stick under his arm and prepared to ascend.

Half way up he dropped a little parcel he held in his hand and stooped to pick it up. As he did so the iron ferrule of his cane struck the chin of a charming society belle of Oakland, who was directly behind him. There was a feminine shriek and a momentary backward movement of the crowd which caused the man with the cane to turn and look behind him, the cane traversing a semicircle about his rotund form as he moved. It caught a well known politician from the Bay City directly in the ear, administered a gentle tap on the cheek of a leading divine and captured the hat from the head of the unconscious offender, who, anxious to learn if the whole crowd had gone mad, made another turn.

The cane took a downward course this time, planting its iron point gently but firmly just above the last vest button of a rising young attorney who had been just about to serve an injunction on the offending rod. Instead he executed an involuntary obeisance, and the wand of subjection passing over his head, describing a parabola that cut clean through the cloud of semilegal profanity that was beginning to impart a bluish tinge to the atmosphere, prodded the eye of one passenger, filled playfully the nose of another and finished up its work by catching in the back hair of its original victim. There is no knowing what developments might have followed the next turn had not a quick witted passenger reached and with his hand struck down the projecting point, with a forcible injunction to the bearer to keep it down.

It took the battered passengers the whole time of the trip across to take account of the damages sustained, and when the boat reached the wharf they were still debating whether they should pitch the fool with the cane overboard.—San Francisco Call.

Ancient Beards.

The ancient Jews considered it the greatest insult that could be offered to a man to pluck his beard, which may account in part for the wonderful state of preservation that tradition has connected with the beard of the Old World male. It was a notion of the Mohammedans that, though Noah reached his thousandth birthday, no hair of his blessed beard fell off or became white; but the Mohammedans had no more authority for that than for their belief that the devil has but one solitary long hair for a beard.

It was, as some say, in order to distinguish themselves from the ancient Israelites that the followers of Mohammed cropped the beard; but Mohammed, as we know, sanctioned the dyeing of the beard and preferred a cane color, because that was the traditional hue of Abraham's beard. More than that, have we not the common Mohammedan oath, "By the beard of the prophet," as well as the supplication, "By your beard, or the life of your beard?"—English Illustrated Magazine.

Ice Preserved Meat.

Ice has been used for preserving for more than a quarter of a century with the greatest advantage in the fishing fleet, of which it has entirely modified the work, but it was not till 1875 that it began to be seriously employed for the preservation of meat during its transport from America to Europe, nor till 1879 that the Bell, Coleman and Maslam refrigerators, which have rendered possible the trade in frozen carcasses, were introduced. American frozen fresh meat was brought into our markets in 1876, Australian in 1880 and New Zealand in 1882, and yet, though their commences are so near to us, the three together now represent a third of all the meat sold in London.—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Mormons' Big Organ.

The monster organ in the old Mormon church at Salt Lake City has 2,704 pipes, each thirty-two feet long and large enough to admit the body of a man of ordinary size. Besides this two towers arise at either side to a height of forty-two feet. It was built in the early days when all freight was hauled from Missouri river points across the plains with ox teams. One man put in 1,014 days' work on it and received provisions for his labor. It has been undergoing improvement for the past thirty-five or forty years.—St. Louis Republic.

A Very Surprised Man.

The old gentleman who stuck his ear trumpet above the garden wall to hear what was going on, and received in his ear the gallop of milk which the milkman supposed he was emptying into the housemaid's pail, was a very surprised man.—Harper's Young People.

A Clever Parrot.

An aunt of mine was paying us a visit, and noticing that Polly had splashed his bath water over a window near which he happened to be, said in a severe tone: "Look what a mess you've made, you dirty bird. I've a good mind to throw you out of the window," to which the culprit replied in the most contrite tone, "Poor Polly, scratch Polly." But a moment afterward, as the lady and I

THE SHIPS OF MELTON.

How sail the ships to Melton,
That lieh far and fair
And dreamlike in the heaven
Where skies are calm and clear
With blown sails leaning white,
Sure winged "neath storm or star,
They straightly steer, for still they hear
The love bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton,
Within whose coils of white
Love dreams of love and listens
For footsteps in the night?
Like gulls they glide way winging
They speed from lands afar,
For still they hear, in music clear,
The love bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton?
Love blown across the foam:
For still the sea sings over
The song of love and home;
Nor spay tales, with splendid smiles,
Can tell their sails afar,
While softly swells that chime of bells—
The love bells o'er the bar.

Oh, ships that sail to Melton,
With captains glad and grand;
The stars that light the ocean
Are the stars of love's land;
But say for me, adrift at sea,
On lonely wrecks and dreams,
My heart still hears and dreaming nears
The love bells o'er the bar.

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE CENTURY PLANT.

Oh, no! Gloria Reggio didn't look like you, nor any of your cronies, nor even like pretty Jamie Smith, who lives round the corner, and who has such laughing eyes and rosy cheeks. She—Gloria, I mean—had a dusky brown skin, and dusky brown eyes, fringed with eyelashes as black as ink, and a slender foot, shaped so that a stream of water—a small stream of course—could run underneath the hollow of it, and not wet the skin a bit. Gloria lived high up in the world; that is, she lived at the top of a tall tenement house, and she took care of her mother.

When they first came there, Mrs. Grady, who hired the flat below, peeped through the crack of her door and saw them going up stairs. "Bless me now!" said she, looking at Gloria's mother, "what kind of hands do ye call them? Sure, they'd not be able to wring the neck of a mouse, let alone blanketings and quilts."

You see, Mrs. Grady took in washing for a living, and had a pair of big red fists of her own, about the size of sledge hammers.

After Mrs. Grady thought the new comers had "got to rights," she went up to make a call. It was Gloria who opened the door with her fingers on her lips.

"How are ye, honey?" cried Mrs. Grady, with a voice like a watchman's rattle. "Mebbe yer didn't know I was yer next door neighbor."

She said this with a snarl, expecting Gloria to invite her in, but no little Gloria, with her pale face and heavy eyes, did not quit her hold on the door, nor did she make any motion for Mrs. Grady to enter. She only whispered gravely, "What do you want?"

"What on earth do you suppose I want?" riddled Mrs. Grady, rather taken aback. "I ain't come a-begging. I've come up to see your mother."

"Mother isn't to be seen," said the child, still guarding the door. "Is she sick?" inquired Mrs. Grady, without budging.

"Gloria!"

At the faint call, the stanch little doorkeeper darted away, and Mrs. Grady was free to walk in, and walk she did with a heavy tread and her head held high. But after the first few steps she stopped with a stare.

In front of her, spread loosely over the rough boards, was a small square of carpeting, the like of which Mrs. Grady had never seen in all her life before. Such beautiful colors as there were in it—yellow, that looked like melted sunshine; red and green, like rubies and emeralds!

Upon this bit of carpet cushions were piled, and among these, half sitting, half lying, Mrs. Grady saw a lady with white lips and bright scarlet cheeks. But the lady, Gloria's mother, did not see Mrs. Grady, for her eyes were closed, and Gloria, who was sitting busily her mother's head, seemed to have forgotten all about her too. Mrs. Grady began to feel out of place, and her eyes turned to the window.

There was an enormous china flower pot standing there, with awkward handles that dropped down and hung over on either side, just like a pair of giant's ears. And out of this odd vase grew an odd plant that shot up high its long, thick, ragged leaves and straggled them out, all spiked with little bunches of sharp thorns.

Then Gloria, still kneeling on the floor, began talking softly and rapidly, and once in awhile her mother, still with her eyes closed, would say a few words. The words that they talked seemed to Mrs. Grady to be twisted and doubled out of all manner of shape; indeed, she could not understand one of them. So Mrs. Grady, more and more astonished, and tongue-tied for the minute, tipped herself softly away. And as nobody knew she had come in, so nobody knew when she went out.

"Well, mother, did you see them?" asked Nancy curiously, as Mrs. Grady made her appearance in her own domain.

"Such outlandish furriers!" exclaimed her mother, throwing her apron over her head, and sitting down with both hands on both knees.

"Germans?" asked Kate, who was the oldest of the young Grady's, and who was wiring a bonnet frame.

"Turks, more like," said Mrs. Grady, "for they don't know how to lie in beds nor sit in chairs."

"Turks!" said Mary, "who do they talk like?"

"Like turkeys, to be sure," cried little lame Jim.

Then the baby, who was in the cradle just about taking a nap, grew wide awake, and lisped, "Gobble, gobble, gobble."

called her, and that's the only word out of all their lingo I could make head or tail of."

"And how does it look up there?" asked Kate, putting down her work and making a regular business of asking questions.

"Haythenish!" replied Mrs. Grady, with a jerk of her head. "There's the ugliest parcel of thorns and weeds a-growing in the window as ever you set yer two eyes on, and the flowerpot they're in is made of crockery all colors like castile soap and as big besides as a washtub."

Here the baby, getting tired of saying "Gobble, gobble," to amuse its brothers and sisters, set up a scream, and Mrs. Grady let alone "the outlandish furriers," and rocked the cradle, while she sung "Kathleen Ma-vourneen," which was a favorite of the baby's.

Some time after Mrs. Grady had taken her departure Mrs. Reggio opened her eyes. Her faithful little nurse was still beside her.

"Mamma," said Gloria, "when will you get well?"

"I do not know," said her mother with a sigh.

"Well, when you go home to Spain, when you say it is so bright and warm, that will make you well, sure, won't it?"

"I think so," said Mrs. Reggio. "Ah, dear old home, I am afraid I shall never see it again, and you, my darling—what will become of you when I die?"

"Oh, you will break my heart if you talk so," cried Gloria. "I know that letter will come soon, with money enough to take us to Spain a hundred times, and our wallet is not empty yet, by any manner of means."

Gloria talked more bravely than she felt, but she was determined to look on the bright side of things. She went over and looked at the straggly plant in the china vase.

"Mamma," she said, laughing, "I'm getting tired of tending this prickly, cross thing, that's never blossomed since I can remember. What do you keep it for?"

"When your papa and I were ready to sail your uncle brought it to us. It's a century plant," he said, "keep it for my sake, and you will find how rare and precious it is."

"Well, I think he might have given you something better," pouted Gloria. Suddenly she cried, "Oh, mamma, here is a bud."

"I guess not," said her mother. "It only blossoms once in a hundred years."

"The idea of waiting a hundred years for a single flower," thought Gloria.

The days went by and the money melted away like smoke. There was no letter.

One day Gloria was knocking in her turn at Mrs. Grady's door.

Said Mrs. Grady in her turn, "What do you want?" And for an answer Gloria pitched forward, and would have fallen headlong had not Mrs. Grady caught her in her strong arms.

"A pretty howdy do," said Mrs. Grady, carrying her in the room and noting how thin and pinched her face was. "She's starved intirely."

Peggy and Jim and Tommy and Mary and Nancy and Kate gathered round, while the baby dropped his bread and butter and ate his fingers instead. When Gloria came to herself she took courage.

"I want to find some work to do. Our money is most gone."

"You're not big enough to work," said Mrs. Grady.

"I'm not big, but, oh, so strong," said Gloria, trying to stand up.

"Mother," cried half a dozen hungry voices, "the taters are getting cold."

"Bless me, sure they are, an wasn't I forgettin' them entirely; come now, darlint."

And before Gloria knew it she was sitting at the table with a piping hot potato before her and a dab of butter on the top of it like a golden crown. How delicious it was to the poor child, who was half fainting with hunger!

"Hooray!" cried Tommy, as he seized his hat. "I only leads the hoeses to drink now, but jest you wait when I get to be boss; I'll take you to ride with a four-in-hand."

"Heigh-ho!" said Nancy. "I'll be stirring my stumps, I guess. There's piles of handboxes to carry today," and she nodded to Gloria and was gone.

Then Peggy and Mary, with baskets on their heads, danced around for a minute crying, "Shaveens, shaveens," and finally disappeared, after telling Gloria to wait till they came back.

"I must go to the shop after more bonnet frames," said Kate, tying on her hood. "Goodby, little baby," she said to Gloria, and she went off with a big bundle.

Lame Jim, too, had gone somewhere.

Mrs. Grady answered Gloria's questioning look. "Yes, they all work," said she, "but you could not leave your mother, and you are not old enough to wire bonnet frames, like Kate."

"No," said Gloria sadly, and she thought, "what will become of me?" And now she caught sight of Jim in the corner. He was busy over a pile of something that looked like old rope.

"Even Jim there earns his salt," said Mrs. Grady; "he picks oakum."

"Couldn't I do that?" asked Gloria eagerly.

"It is dirty work."

"I shouldn't care, if it would only buy mother grapes and jellies."

"Lawd!" cried Mrs. Grady. "It wouldn't buy her mush, let alone them illegances. I only have Jim to do it just to keep him busy and get him into industrious habits."

"She can't live without them," said Gloria firmly.

Mrs. Grady shook her head.

"It's a hard case," said she, "but I'll be thinking over what can be done."

are gone!" said she, and then thought how kind it was of Mrs. Grady to give her a breakfast.

"That was the reason I fainted," said she, "because I was hungry." Indeed the poor child had pinched herself for some time as much as possible, so as to get things for her mother.

The tears dropped from her eyes as she went slowly across the room.

"I hope," said she, "that mamma will sleep till late, for I must tell her how the last cent is gone."

The sun streamed in at the window, but it wasn't that that blinded her. There were some pigeons cooing outside. Could they have startled her?

Not at all. Something pink and gold was swinging above her. Was it the bud that had blossomed? Yes; just that. The ragged century plant had flowered.

At first Gloria felt nothing but delight, and then she thought:

"Dear, dear, after all it is no good. It is neither victuals nor drink. If it was only a gold dollar or even a silver quarter hanging there it would be better."

However, she drew up a chair, and standing on it pulled down the sweet scented flower to a level with her nose.

"It is better than cologne," said she. "I wish I could get it over by mother so the minute she wakes she could see it and have a sniff."

Then she measured the size of the flowerpot with her eye.

"I mean to try it," said she. She could just clasp the two clumsy handles. She tugged away at it. It was pretty heavy, but, thanks to the big, buttered potato she had eaten, she managed to lift it.

Then a slip, and away it went! The crash woke her mother, who started up to see the great vase broken in two upon the floor and Gloria on her feet crying.

"Do you see, mother? The bud has blossomed. Look at the pink flower and the river of gold."

Gold, gold, gold! It tumbled and rolled from the great crack in the vase. It chinked and clinked and made merry music I think. At any rate Gloria and her mother thought so.

"We are happy now. We will not need to wait for a letter. It is no matter though the brown wallet is empty," said Gloria, heaping up the dollars in her hands.

"Oh, my dear, good uncle!" cried Mrs. Reggio with clasped hands. "Now I know why you so charged me to keep this, your gift. Oh, that you could only see the despair you have saved us from."

Not long after all the Grady's stood on the doorstep, for Gloria and her mother had just bidden them goodby. They walked away up the street, and a man wheeled the century plant in a wheelbarrow by the side of them.

"It's the end of 'em," says Mrs. Grady.

And so it is to the Grady's, and to America, and to us.—New York News.

Some Misnamed Drugs.

Some misnomers of the drugstore: Oil of vitrol is not an oil. Copernicus is an iron salt and contains no copper. Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but it is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid. Soda water contains no soda. Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur. Sugar of lead has nothing to do with lead, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream. Oxygen means the "acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element, and many acids contain oxygen. German silver contains no silver, and black lead contains no lead. Berberine is usually made from podagrace canadensis. Wormseed is unexpended flower buds. Milk of lime has no milk. Quicksilver is purely mercury. Oil of origanum is made from thyme, and not from origanum.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

An Old English Custom.

Miss Strickland is good enough to tell us that it was formerly the custom in England for married people to keep the anniversaries of their wedding day, and on these occasions as many small mince pies were placed in one dish on the table as corresponded with the number of years that the husband had enjoyed conjugal felicity. In families where olive branches were numerous this pleasant custom must have proved the sweetest of boons for the juveniles and their friends. We have grown too grand in these days for such modest mince pie anniversaries, which have been superseded by silver and sometimes by golden wedding. Curiously enough, while plum porridge has entirely disappeared from our culinary economy, the preparation is still cited in American cookery books, and the recipe, even to the stoned prunes, is almost precisely identical with that given nearly 150 years ago by Mrs. Hannah Glasse.—London Telegraph.

The Skill of Adirondack Guides.

The woodcraft of the Adirondack guides is peculiarly astonishing to those unskilled in such matters when displayed in all that pertains to open air cooking. A guide will disappear into a thicket and come back three minutes later supplied with two or three crocheted saplings. With these, an ax and a deer knife, his only instruments, he will in five minutes more rig up a frame to suspend the kettle over the fire. While the kettle is boiling he will toast a great stock of bread or broil a spring chicken, and before these have cooled he will have brewed his coffee. Whatever he does is well done, and with a celerity and apparent ease that make it seem mere play.—Pittsburg Press.

A Demonstration.

Little Girl (looking over advertising page)—Mamma, why do all these boarding houses object to children?

Fond Mamma—I'm sure I don't know. Go see what the baby is yelling about, and tell Johnny to stop throwing things at people in the street, and make George and Kate stop fighting, and tell Dick if he doesn't stop banging that Chinese gong so hard I'll take it away from him.—London Public Opinion.

Mishaps of a Bridegroom.

One of the fashionable weddings witnessed a reversal of the usual order of things. Instead of the bride's usual trepidation the bridegroom elect, while essaying to assist in the decorations during the early part of

FAMILY GRAVEYARDS.

Lonesome Sights That Are to Be Seen on Southern Plains.

"There is no place like southern Indiana for graveyards," said William Yaker, of Bloomfield. "Now that section including Green, Monroe, Brown and Sullivan counties is a wonderland to traverse. It looks as though the old settlers of fifty years ago wanted each one to have a graveyard of his own. Every mile or two, often far from any roadway, totally inaccessible to wagons without laying waste the fences, you come upon little rock walled or rail bound inclosures containing the dead of one family. Father, mother and several children lie there, and none others."

"These places have long been forsaken and forgotten. Weeds flourish in profusion and hide the wind and rain stained tombstones from view. Often with a companion I have entered one of those little inclosures, tramped and torn out the weeds and righted the five or six headstones that had fallen and buried even the inscribed virtues of the dead into the wormy earth."

"These people had no country churchyard; no preacher except the visiting parson who came monthly on horseback. They had no funeral in the present sense of the word. Plain wooden boxes were used for coffins and often the sturdy youth of the family made the coffin for the dead parent or relative. These little spots were dear to those families. One can see that by the loving little inscriptions and decorations. When they were all dead no one remained to care for them and they fell into decay and ruin."

"They are lonesome sights those little groups of white pillars. In the winter when the trees are bare and the grass dead I have seen flocks of crows coming and circling about the clump of trees that usually cluster about those places. The bitter wind moans through the crackling branches, and those crows wheel about and caw and croak until the world seems truly a place of sorrow and death."

Chicago Globe.

An Impressive Funeral.

Mr. S. C. Hall, in his "Memories," describes the burial of the poet Campbell in Westminster abbey. Statesmen, poets and men of letters followed the venerable dean of St. Paul's, the poet Millman, as, reading the burial service, he led the solemn procession to Poet's corner. It was not, however, the presence of these illustrious mourners that made the funeral one of the most impressive ever seen in that mausoleum of great men.

A long, reverential pause preceded the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust." As they were slowly uttered, a Polish officer advanced from among the mourners and dropped upon the coffin some earth taken from the grave of Kosciuszko, the hero whose patriotism and death the poet had praised in verse. The effect was startling.

Then came the climax. "I heard a voice from heaven," read the dean, and immediately a thunderclap shook the old abbey. He paused; the mourners were thrilled. As the awful sound died away the dean finished the sentence—"they rest from their labors."

Not on Lodge Business.

"If I am not mistaken," said the caller, removing his hat deferentially, "I am in the presence of the grand and supremely exalted potentate of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Muckamucks?"

"You are, sir," answered the man at the desk, with an affable smile.

"Pardon the intrusion," said the caller, in the same respectful manner, "and the familiarity with which I address you, but you spell your name S-m-y-t-h-e, do you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your initials, I think I am correct in saying, are K. W.?"

"That is correct."

"Thank you, Mr. Smythe. My name is Higgins—H-i-g-g-i-n-s—Higgins. I am glad to find you in, Mr. Smythe, after having made several previous attempts, without success, to make your acquaintance. I have the honor," he continued, putting his hat on briskly and taking a bundle of papers from his pocket, "to be the collector for the firm of Spoteash & Co., dealers in dry goods and general merchandise. If it is convenient, Mr. Smythe, you will oblige me very much by setting a little bill of seventy-five cents that has been running for six months and save me the trouble of having to climb these dog-goned, beastly, rickety, filthy, old stairs again. Seventy-five cents, Smythe. Come down."—Chicago Tribune.

Carpets on the Floors of Eating Rooms.

"It is a mistake," says a man who is an epicure, and who regards gastronomy as a fine art, "that no amount of care will counteract to have restaurants carpeted. The wool will absorb the odors of the dishes served, to give them out again stale and unappetizing to sensitive nostrils fresh from the outdoor air. I noticed this very recently in a high class Boston restaurant, a visit to which has been a distinct if minor pleasure of my occasional trips to that city. Heretofore the detailed perfection of everything about the restaurant has made me more than once enthusiastic, but the other day I got there that faint, lingering smell of past cooking which has disillusioned me."

"After taking my seat I left it to dine in the men's cafe of the same place, whose marble floor I rightly surmised would prevent any perceptible traces of former dinners. Marble or wood makes the ideal flooring for a restaurant, whose noisy tendencies may be subdued by strips of carpet down the aisles and rubber tipped chairs. Heavy draperies should be avoided as well."—New York Times.

The Rain Tree of Peru.

In the northern part of Peru, in what is otherwise an arid desert, the celebrated "rain tree" grows. This species, *Ratus vapo*, though not large or of much commercial value, is a veritable South American wonder, having the extraordinary property of condensing what little moisture there is in the atmosphere so as to cause a continual mist to exude (seemingly) from its leaves and branches. The leaves are of a thick, succulent nature, and when examined with a strong glass exhibit many of the qualities of the common sponge.—St. Louis Republic.

the day, was so overcome with nervousness that by noon a physician was summoned and remained for some time with the young fellow before the remedies applied had the slightest effect. According to the doctor's orders, he was then put to bed, the room darkened and strict orders given that no one should be allowed to enter until the time arrived when it would be necessary to dress for the ceremony. Should these orders be disregarded, the doctor stated that the prospective bridegroom would not only be unable to go through the ordeal of the ceremony and reception, but would be unable even to stand up.

—Kate Field's Washington.

Wretched Dressing Rooms.

Mme. Motjeska, the actress, in an article in The Forum, complains bitterly of the miserable dressing rooms with which the theaters of this country are provided. The actor during the intervals of his work, she says, "has not even the chance of resting or breathing in his dingy dressing room, which is without air, or rather is filled with bad air, and in its equipment is both shabby and unclean."

Mr. Babbage and His Mother.

Mr. Babbage was always reticent about his early life, so much so that an impression got about that he was of humble birth. This was not the case. He was born in 1792 at Totnes, in a good old mansion in the town. Twenty years ago it was known as "The Castle Inn," and perhaps it is still so called. His father, a well-to-do banker, was nicknamed by his townfolk "Old Five Per Cents," he talked so constantly about money matters. The eminent mathematician's mother lived to a great age, and I have heard from those who remembered earlier times that she was occasionally to be seen at the brilliant receptions Babbage used to give in the forties in this same dreary, ghost haunted room where we then sat, with its faded hangings and tarnished gilding. In the old days it was the son's greatest pleasure to bring up his most distinguished guests to be introduced to his mother, the homely old lady seated on the stiff backed sofa, the place of honor.

—Mrs. Crosse in Temple Bar.

Spurgeon and the Madman.

Years ago the great preacher lay ill in the Hotel des Anglais at Mentone, but one day he insisted that his devoted attendants go out for a little exercise. Hardly had they disappeared when a madman, who had eluded the vigilance of his keepers, rushed in and said, "I want you to save my soul." With great presence of mind the sufferer bade the poor fellow kneel down by the side of the bed, and prayed for him as best he could under the circumstances.

Mr. Spurgeon then told the man to go away and return in half an hour. Provisionally, says the narrator, he obeyed, and as soon as he was gone the doctor and servants were summoned, but they were not able to overtake the madman before he had stabbed some one in the street.—Sword and Trowel.

Cargoes of Brick on Boats.

Cargoes of brick have to be stowed in the most careful manner, or else the vessels carrying them will founder in the midst of weather, owing to the strong tendency of the brick to absorb the water caused by the leakage which necessarily occurs on all wooden vessels. The brick will absorb the water as fast as it runs in from an ordinary leak, and the increased weight of the brick causes the vessel to settle until she makes the final plunge, and the crew are frequently at a loss to know the cause. To new shoals, defective work in the vessel's construction and other causes are attributed the disasters.—Philadelphia Record.

Carelessness in Banks.

An auditor of a big express company says: "Nearly every week checks without signatures, or with improper endorsements, are presented to us for payment, after they have passed without detection through banks and clearing houses. I suppose the bank officials get careless through constant handling of money obligations. From our own experience I should judge that they must be badly stuck at times. I imagine they keep such errors pretty quiet."

—New York Sun.

When the Monkey Spilled the Ink.

A monkey which my uncle brought to London from India on one occasion was seen playing with the ink, perhaps writing a letter, in his master's bedroom. He upset the ink, and thereupon he went to the chest of drawers, opened a drawer, took out a shirt and wiped up the ink with it.—London Spectator.

Animals Are Much Like Children.

Naturalists have frequently commented on the similarity of traits displayed by children and young quadrupeds. Love, hate, fear and joy are feelings which are apparently shared in common by human beings and dumb animals, and those who have made a study of animal life declare that a certain amount of play or recreation is as much a necessity to certain young animals as to children.

By careful observation the writer is convinced that the following games are played by young animals in much the same manner as by children: Tag, in a variety of ways; running races, jumping matches, wrestling bouts, ball playing and "hide and seek."—Youth's Companion.

Bertha at a Baptism.

Little Bertha lives in Philadelphia, and recently made her first visit to Grandmother, who lives in Connecticut. Grandmother is a Baptist. The first Sunday that Bertha was taken to church there happened to be a baptism. She watched the proceedings with open eyes. When the first person came out, dripping from the water, she shivered, and said nothing. When the second came forth she grabbed her mother's arm and exclaimed in a very audible tone, "Mamma, I take my bath Saturday night; don't I, mamma?"—New York Recorder.

A QUEER LITTLE JAY.

Who Attended the Passengers in a Street Car by His Display of Money.

A small man, undoubtedly from the country, with short red whiskers, amused a carload of passengers on a Third Avenue L train the other afternoon. He got aboard at Thirty-fourth street and sat down in the only empty seat. He glanced up and down the car as if he was looking for some one, and, after having satisfied himself that he was not noticed, put his hand into his inside overcoat pocket and pulled out a newspaper. It was folded together fully ten times, and after some difficulty he opened the package and the passengers were astonished to see a bundle of bills. The man untied the string and began counting his money. There were several \$100 notes, and the others were \$10 and \$5 bills. After counting, the pile he gave a grunt, as if satisfied that he had not lost any, and returned the package to the same pocket again.

The man was poorly dressed, had on a very dirty flannel shirt and his hat was mended at the crown. Although surprised the passengers soon settled back in their seats. When the little man had taken out a long piece of cloth from another pocket, and again did he display a pile of greenbacks of twenty and ten dollar denominations. Another grunt followed, and again was the package put back to its place. By this time the passengers began to get fidgety.

A policeman seated near the little man was watching the proceeding, and several expected that the small passenger would be scooped in by the officer. The little man again brought out the same two packages and counted over his bills, and in addition brought forth a well worn pocketbook from his vest pocket, which was also filled with one and two dollar bills. He placed the three bundles in his top coat pocket before counting them again.

The little man stood up as if to leave the car, but changed his mind and gazed out of the window, although still standing. He then began shaking his coat to make sure that he would not drop any of his precious bundles, but was soon on his knees looking under the seat for fear that he had been careless and dropped some of his money. The queer passenger sat down, but on the very edge of the seat, and kept eyeing the men seated next to him on each side. Again were the passengers surprised to see the little man bring forth a huge wad of bills tied up in brown paper. It was then that the seedy Cressus got in his best work. He paced up and down the car several times, but only to return to his seat and take several handfuls of greenbacks from his hat.

They were stuck to the inside of the brim and were filthy looking.

He counted his packages time and again, and when the train reached city hall the little man waited until the other passengers had left the car before he followed in their wake, but after reaching the platform he once more entered the car and searched under the seat. After reaching the sidewalk he ran as if for dear life past The Sun office, and continued so down Nassau street.—New York Sun.

Some Romance Left.

The bashful boarder met with a shock the other night that has kept his hair in an involuntary pompadour ever since. One of the pretty young lady boarders is a nurse, and a carriage was to come for her at midnight to take her to a suddenly developed "case." She was waiting at the foot of the stairs for the carriage, and in the darkness of the hall fell into a doze, from which she was awakened by a step on the stone stoop and some one fumbling at the knob. She seized her little sachel, ran to the door and threw it open, stepping out with a silvery, "Here I am!" into the arms of the bashful boarder. Everything was satisfactorily explained of course, but even now, when their eyes meet accidentally across the table, he puts catch up on his pie, and she batters her tea biscuit with the sugar spoon. And the other boarders, who haven't heard the story at all, look at each other and think they know more than the whole "Encyclopedia Britannica."—Hartford Post.

For Shorter Hours.

They were discussing the labor question. "I believe in shorter hours," said Mr. Linger. "So do I," replied Miss Keedick earnestly. "I think an hour and a half is plenty long enough for an evening call." And the young man had been there three hours.—Brooklyn Life.

A Royal Appetite.

The Duchess of Orleans once saw him eat four plates of soup, a whole pheasant, two partridges, a plate of salad, another of mutton hashed with garlic, two large slices of ham, a dish of pastry, fruit, sweetmeats and three bottles of wine.—Exchange.

JUST RECEIVED!

MEN'S FINE SHOES

A large consignment direct from the factory.

This line is unsurpassed in durability, style and finish. They are made in Cordovan, French, American and Enamel Calf and Patent Leather, in Hand Sewed, Hand and Goodyear Welt and Cork Sole.

D. A. FORD,

10 East First Street.

J. V. & J. E. THOMAS

AGENTS FOR THE
Leading Fire, Life and
Accident

Insurance Companies

OFFICE NO. 10 OPERA BLOCK
SECOND FLOOR

GO TO
C. C. GODFREY,
FOR GROCERIES.

TO REDUCE STOCK

Having a large supply of all goods in the line of Merchant Tailoring, which must be reduced one-half in the next 60 days, will put prices way down lower than ever before to prepare for spring stock. We never advertise that which we cannot produce, and mean what we say. Please call and examine goods and prices.

M. CAHILL,

No. 9, First Street.

If you want a room Whitewashed or a portrait painted, McKenney's workmen can do it, 16 and 18 First Street.

FURNITURE!

Latest Styles

—ARRIVING DAILY.—

COME AND SEE US

H. CAMP & SON.

GALENA STREET

PARLOR SUITS!

ODD CHAIRS!

FANCY ROCKERS!

Handsomest House Decorations

Ever offered, now on our floors.

C. H. KEYES,

63 Main Street.

Par Excellence!



GOLD COIN

AT C. J. ROSBROOK'S.

BROKE INTO OFFICE

Wyoming's Governor-Elect, Apprehending Fraud,

TAKES HIS SEAT VIA THE WINDOW.

And Calls on the People by Proclamation to Indorse Him—Both Parties Afraid of Sinuosity and Ready for Anything—Cleveland Alleged to Favor an Extra Session—Prospect for Two Legislatures in Kansas—Nebraska Fusion.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Dec. 3.—Yesterday Governor-Elect Osborn went to the state house and on being refused admission to the executive rooms broke in through a window and is holding the fort. The state house is not yet canvassed, and Acting Governor Barber told Osborn that he would not surrender the office until the official canvass was made. Governor Warren has been elected senator, and that is why Barber is acting governor, according to law, but there was a doubt as to when and how the governor-elect should take his office. Governor-elect Osborn charges that the Republicans are holding back the official count to rob him of his office and has taken this way of asserting his rights.

Ready to Resort to Arms. Republicans on the other hand assert that Osborn is party to a scheme to seat himself in the legislature to make sure the election of a Democratic United States senator. Excitement is running high and trouble may ensue. A great many people are disposed to make light of the affair, but there are thousands in the state who are willing to resort to arms to circumvent the Republicans. With the latter Warren's place is not the only thing at stake. The cattlemen who raised into Josiah and killed a couple of alleged thieves last April are to be tried the first week in January. It is charged that Acting Governor Barber was to be kept in place to pardon them if they were convicted.

Osborn Issues a Proclamation. Osborn has issued the following proclamation: "In obedience to the constitution and laws of the state of Wyoming, I, John E. Osborn, do hereby make proclamation, that having been duly elected by the qualified voters of the state of Wyoming to the office of governor of the state, and the vacancy in the office occasioned by the resignation of Francis E. Warren, heretofore elected and qualified as governor, and there being no board of state canvassers authorized to canvass the returns and declare the result of said election for governor, and the returns from the several boards of county canvassers now on file in the office of the secretary of state showing that I have been unquestionably elected to the office of governor, I have duly and legally qualified as governor of the state, and am now said governor, and I do call upon all loyal citizens of the state to respect my authority in such office and aid me in enforcing the laws and seeing that justice in all things is done."

Pretty Prospect for Bloodshed. In an interview Osborn says that he explains himself fully in his proclamation. He rests his case on the fact that there is no law for the canvassing of the vote for governor and that there was clearly a disposition on the part of Republicans to keep him out of office. Barber says that he will continue to act as governor, and in due time the vote will be canvassed. What will be done today or when the excitement cools down is a matter of speculation. The Democrats will fight to the last ditch for their alleged rights, and the Republicans will desperately oppose them. The Republicans have all the judiciary and will likely appeal to the courts.

FUN AHEAD IN KANSAS.

Populists to Have a Legislature of Their Own and Elect Senator.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 3.—The People's party leaders and Democrats are indignant over the action of the Republican state board of canvassers in seating the Republican member on the tie from Coffey county and issuing a certificate to the Republican in Hastings county over Rosenthal, who was elected by 23 majority. In his official returns the county clerk transposed the vote of the two candidates, which showed, of course, that Rosenthal was defeated. This was the only return officially before the board and it accepted it.

What the Populists Will Do. Chairman Breidenthal, of the People's party, charges fraud in these two cases, which give the Republicans the house of representatives by two majorities. Leaders of the People's party say they will organize a house composed of their men and ignore the Republicans, and that Governor Lewelling will recognize that body and the Populist senate, and let the Republicans crack their whip. In this way they will elect a United States senator who, they say, will be seated.

THEY ARE NOT MIND-READERS.

But Believe Cleveland Is for an Extra Session.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—Among well-informed Democrats the impression exists that President-elect Cleveland has practically made up his mind that an extra session of congress will be necessary. The men who have formed that opinion do not belong to the class of mind-reading politicians, but they believe an extra session will be called because of things Mr. Cleveland said before starting on his shooting trip.

Expected to Tell His Views.

To one of these he disclosed his conviction that it would be impossible to avoid an extra session, because of the condition of the treasury. Mr. Cleveland is expected to tell the people exactly what he thinks of the extra session in his talk at the Reform club dinner Dec. 10.

The Fusionists in Nebraska.

LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 3.—A secret meeting of the leading Democrats and Independents of the state was held here Thursday night. Reporters were excluded, but the gist of the proceedings was given out yesterday. The meeting was called to outline the programme to be followed at the coming session of the legislature and an agreement was entered into whereby the members of the two parties will act together. So far as the organization of the two houses is concerned the Democrats are to have the senate officers and appointees and the Independents the lower house. No agreement was made so far as the United States senator is concerned, but a general understanding is that fusion will be entered into.

Will Favor Suspension of Immigration.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 3.—Surgeon General Wyman in his annual report will favor the suspension of immigration during next year as a means for preventing the introduction of cholera into this country.

BRIDE AND BEST MAN IN JAIL.

Charge Against Them of Stealing from the Official Register.

CRAWFORDVILLE, Ind., Dec. 3.—At the residence of Elder Cumberland Thursday night was solemnized the marriage of Andrew Shay, of New Albany, and Miss Lou Alley, of this city. William Kernoodle, a mutual friend, stood up with them, and Friday he was arrested on a charge of larceny. While the elder was performing the solemn service and indulging in prayer a pair of valuable spectacles disappeared. They were found in Kernoodle's possession, but without hesitation he showed the blame to the bride, claiming that she fled the spectacles while the elder's head was bowed in prayer and gave them to him. Both were bound over and in default of bail went to jail. The groom is nearly distracted over his bride's break and the thought of passing the honeymoon alone.

Chief Brown "On His Ear."

PITTSBURG, Dec. 3.—Chief Brown, of the department of public safety, yesterday revoked the order closing the disreputable houses, and directed the superintendent of police to permit the inmates to pursue their vocation without molestation until such time as Mayor Gounley shall indicate the time which he desires his closing order to go into execution. This action was taken after Mayor Gounley had publicly said that the short notice given by the police was "cruel, inhuman and unjust." It is thought that this is the last of the crusade against the social evil for the present, at least. The houses are all running as usual.

Chicago's Latest Burglary.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—A daring gang of safe-blowers went through the Equitable building, on the southwest corner of Washington and Dearborn streets, Thursday night. They blew open seven safes in six different offices and carried off \$10,000 worth of property, money, checks and papers. The work was done within 150 yards of detective headquarters in the city hall, and from all appearances the burglars spent a half dozen hours at the job.

Costly Fire at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 3.—The Haynes-Lettner sash and door factory, located at the corner of Dock and Main streets, was totally destroyed by fire last night. A general alarm was turned in at 9:35 o'clock, but when the department reached the scene the flames were beyond control. The loss is \$175,000, covered by insurance.

Said He Was Bonaparte's Son.

INDIANAPOLIS, O., Dec. 3.—There died at the county infirmary yesterday an old man named Paul Jordan, who has always declared that he was an illegitimate son of Napoleon Bonaparte and that he was born at Paris in 1786, which statement, if true, would make him at the time of his death 106 years of age.

Defeated an Eight-Hour-Day Bill.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Dec. 3.—The bill defining what is a "day" as applied to working-men in factories, mines and workshops in Kentucky, and declaring that eight hours shall constitute a day's work between employer and employe, was defeated in the legislature yesterday by a vote of 50 to 30.

Murdered a Man and His Wife.

WHARTON, Tex., Dec. 3.—Jack Fields, colored, was hanged in the jail yard yesterday. The crime for which he suffered was the killing in conjunction with George Mitchell, Henry Paul and William Lawson, of Henry Kearby and his wife.

Bagley Pleads Not Guilty.

DAVENPORT, Ia., Dec. 3.—George I. Bagley, the \$100,000 express robber, was arraigned yesterday before Judge Charles H. Waters, of the district court. Bagley pleaded not guilty. As far as known, the offense will be insanity.

The Weather We May Expect.

WASHTON, Dec. 3.—The following are the weather indications for twenty-four hours from 8 p. m. yesterday: For Indiana and Illinois: fair weather; westerly winds; cooler in southern portions. For Michigan—Local rains or snow in eastern portion; westerly winds; slightly cooler in western portion. For Wisconsin and Iowa—Fair weather; variable winds; slightly cooler.

LIVE STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS.

Chicago.

Following were the quotations on the board of trade today: Wheat—December, opened 75 1/2, closed 75 1/2; January, opened 75 1/2, closed 75 1/2; May, opened 75 1/2, closed 75 1/2; Corn—December, opened 41 1/2, closed 41 1/2; January, opened 41 1/2, closed 41 1/2; May, opened 41 1/2, closed 41 1/2; Pork—December, opened \$19.00, closed \$19.00; January, opened \$19.00, closed \$19.00; May, opened \$19.00, closed \$19.00; Lard—December, opened \$9.30, closed \$9.30.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Market steady; prices were fully \$6.00 higher on desirable heavy lots; sales ranged at \$4.40 to \$5.00 pigs, \$4.40 to \$5.00 rough, \$5.00 to \$5.50 packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Market fairly active on local and account and prices well maintained; quotations ranged at \$5.00 to \$5.50 choice do, \$5.00 to \$5.50 fair to good, \$4.00 to \$4.50 common to medium do, \$2.00 to \$2.50 butchers' steers, \$2.00 to \$2.50 stockers, \$2.00 to \$2.50 Texas steers, \$2.00 to \$2.50 cows, \$1.50 to \$2.00 bulls, \$1.50 to \$2.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Market fairly active and prices ruled steadily and unchanged; quotations ranged at \$4.00 to \$4.50 for 100 lbs westerns, \$3.50 to \$4.00 natives, \$2.50 to \$3.00 Texas, and \$2.50 to \$3.00 for lambs.

Produce: Butter—Fine to fancy creamery, 26 1/2 to 27 1/2; fancy dairies, 22 1/2 to 23 1/2; packing stock, 15 1/2 to 16 1/2. Eggs—Fresh stock, 25 1/2 to 26 1/2; cold storage, 18 1/2 to 19 1/2. Dressed Poultry—Selling at 18 1/2 to 19 1/2 per lb. Hens, 16 1/2 to 17 1/2; turkeys, choice, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2; ducks, 10 to 11; geese, 8 1/2 to 9. Potatoes—Wisconsin Rose, 6 1/2 to 7 1/2; per bushel; Heltons, 7 1/2 to 8; Burbanks, 7 1/2 to 8; mixed lots, 6 1/2 to 7. Sweet Potatoes—Per secy, \$1.00 to \$1.50; per barrel, \$1.50 to \$2.00. Apples—Common and poor stock, \$1.50 to \$2.00; fair to good, \$2.00 to \$2.50; fancy, \$2.50 to \$3.00. Cranberries—Choice, \$2.00 to \$2.50; per barrel; fancy, \$2.00 to \$2.50; Wisconsin Bell and Bugles, \$2.00.

New York.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter, cash, 74 1/2 to 75 1/2; December, 74 1/2; January, 75 1/2; March, 76 1/2; May, 78 1/2. Corn—No. 2 mixed cash, 51 1/2; December, 51 1/2; January, 52 1/2; May, 54 1/2. Oats—No. 2 mixed cash, 36 1/2; December, 36 1/2; January, 37 1/2; May, 39 1/2. Rye—Steady but quiet; prices ranging from 54 1/2 to 56 1/2 from track and delivered or boat loads. Barley—Steady; westerns, 66 to 68; two-rowed time, 65; Park-Dull and 14 1/2; old moss, \$13.50 to \$13 1/2; new, \$14.00 to \$14 1/2. Lard—Dull; December, \$6.50; January, \$6.75.

Live Stock: Cattle—Trading very dull for all grades at a reduction of 20c to 40c per 100 lbs; poor to prime native steers, \$3.00 to \$3.50; 100 lbs; very choice native steers, \$3.50 to \$4.00; Choice, \$2.00 to \$2.50; bulls and dry cows, \$1.50 to \$2.00. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep, slow but steady; lambs, very firm; sheep, \$3.00 to \$3.50 per 100 lbs; lambs, \$2.50 to \$3.00. Hogs—Nominally steady; live hogs, \$5.00 to \$5.50 per 100 lbs.

Hard and Soft Coal!



ORDER EARLY

BEST QUALITY

H. STREET, RIVER STREET

Snowed In. Jno. W. Rowen, of Des Moines, Iowa, while snow bound at Carroll, Iowa through exposure contracted a severe cold. After several useless trials of various remedies he purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Cure, and says the cure was magical, and after taking two doses he could breathe freely, and enjoy a good sleep that night undisturbed. Another case is on record where a lady had not slept more than one or two hours a night for months, who after only one bottle was well and happy. H. E. Donaldson, agent.

She Committed Suicide.

Mrs. F. C. Cone, at Paris, left this letter: "My husband—forgive me if I cause you trouble, but I suffer so. You do not know what these long, wakeful, wretched nights are to me, and I am so tired, darling—The pain will never be better. It is not easy to take my own life, but I have been sick so long. Good bye, my husband, I love you—your wife." This is but one of thousands that gives up, instead of using Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, and being speedily cured of their wretchedness. Get Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine and get an elegant book and Trial Bottle free.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Do You Have Neuralgia, Lame Back, Pain in the Side, Sore Throat, Sprains, Soreness of the Chest? Then have it no more, but use KRAUSE'S GERMAN OIL. H. E. Donaldson, agent.

Small in size, great in result: DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pills for Constipation, best for Sick Headache, best for Sour Stomach. They never gripe. D. S. Horton, agent.

Lack of Exercise. Is one the prime causes of headache in the winter. Person accustomed to the pure air during the pleasant months are subject to this terrible annoyance at this time of the year. A boon is offered in KRAUSE'S HEADACHE CAPSULES, which is guaranteed to cure any kind of a headache caused by overindulgence in food or drink late at night, can be prevented by taking one CAPSULE before retiring and one in the morning. H. E. Donaldson, agent.

Success in everything depends largely upon good health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are little health producing pills. See the point? Then take an "Early Riser." D. S. Horton, agent.

Grave Mistakes. Physicians frequently make mistakes in treatment of Heart Disease. The rate of sudden deaths is daily increasing. Hundreds become victims of the ignorance of physicians in the treatment of this disease. One in four persons has a diseased heart. Shortness of Breath, Palpitation and that tingling, irregular Pulse, Chorea, Nervousness, Asthmatic Breathing, Pain or Tenderness in Side, Shoulder or Arm, Weak or Hungry Spells, are symptoms of Heart Disease. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure is the only reliable remedy. Thousands testify to its wonderful cures. Books free. Sold by Tillson & Hayden.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, and your headache disappears. The favorite little pills everywhere. D. S. Horton, agent.

Miles' Nerve and Liver pills. Act on a new principle—regulating the liver, stomach and bowels, through the nerves. A new discovery. Dr. Miles' Pills speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles, constipation. Unequalled for men, women, children. Smallest, mildest, surest! 50 Doses 25 cts. Samples free at Tillson & Hayden's.

For the tickling in the throat, the hacking cough, sore lungs, and all affections of that kind, Chamberlain's Cough Cure is the best. H. E. Donaldson.

All Diseases Cured by the Canadian chemist, Prof. Brunton's Alkaline treatment, "Curative Fluid" and "Curative Absorbents." Thousands restored. Call or write. Consultation free. Prof. W. V. Brunton, 188 North Clark street, Chicago.

Nothing so distressing as a hacking Cough. Nothing so foolish as to suffer from it. Nothing so dangerous if allowed to continue. One Minute Cough Cure gives immediate relief. D. S. Horton, agent.

One Minute. One minute often makes a great difference—one minute remedy for throat-choking up of the throat, lungs, etc., of course is a great blessing. CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH CURE is such a remedy. H. E. Donaldson, agent.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Pruritus, Scabies, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment has failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes. For sale by Tillson & Hayden, druggists.

Tell your Landlady to use

SANTA CLAUS SOAP

FOR

COLLARS AND CUFFS.



It is the proper thing, ye know my dear boy.

MADE ONLY BY

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach." CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results." EDWIN F. PARKER, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th Ave., New York City.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Alaska Fur Co.

AMERICA'S FOREMOST FURRIERS

159 STATE STREET CHICAGO, ILL.

We show more styles in

Sealskin Garments

than all other fur houses in Chicago combined.

Our SOUVENIR CATALOGUE, showing our exclusive styles, mailed on application.

Candee Rubber

BOOTS AND SHOES.

Are the Best Made, Are the Most Stylish and Always Fit

Made in ALL STYLES and WIDTHS by the L. CANDEE CO., New Haven, Conn. Ask your dealer for them, if he does not keep them send us for an illustrated descriptive list. C. H. FARGO & CO., Chicago.

For Sale by O. H. BROWN & CO., Dixon, Ill.

Protect Your Eyes!

MR. H. HIRSCHBERG.

H. HIRSCHBERG'S EYE GLASSES

The well known Optical shop of 629 Olive street, (N. E. cor. Seventh and Olive, St. Louis, Mo.) has appointed D. S. Horton as agent for his celebrated Diamond and Non-Chan gemable Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. The glasses are the greatest invention ever made in spectacles and every pair purchased are guaranteed, so that if they ever leave the eyes no matter how scratched the lenses, they will furnish the party with a new pair of glasses, free of charge. D. S. Horton has a full assortment, and invites all who wish to satisfy themselves of the great superiority of these glasses over any and all others now in use, to call and examine him at D. S. Horton's, sole agent for Dixon, Ill. No peddlers supplied.

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

Healthful, Agreeable, Cleansing.

Cures Chapped Hands, Wounds, Burns, Etc. Removes and Prevents Dandruff.

AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP.

Best for General Household Use

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY. A genuine sewed shoe, that will not rip, the calf, smooth, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. They equal fine imported shoes costing from \$4 to \$8.

\$4 and \$5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes, \$3.50. \$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all other classes. \$3.50. \$3.50 Fine Calf, \$2.25 and \$2.00. Work shoes are made of the best Domestic or Foreign Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The Rubber sole makes them more comfortable from \$1.00 to \$2.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

Caution—W. L. Douglas shoes are stamped on the bottom of each shoe: look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretenses.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 140 N. LAKE ST., CHICAGO. Sold by McCreary & Long, Agent

EVENING TELEGRAPH.
PUBLISHED BY
B. F. SHAW PRINTING COMPANY,
DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY.
Entered at Dixon P. O. as second-class matter.
TERMS:
Per Week... 10 Cts. Per Year... \$6.00.
DELIVERED BY CARRIER.
Telephone... Number 5.
WEATHER REPORT.
From science department N. I. N. S., for 24 hours ending at 2 o'clock today.
Time... 9:00 P. M. 7:00 A. M. 2:00 P. M.
Temperature... 87° 94° 43°
*Maximum Temperature... 43°
*Minimum Temperature... 24°
*Precipitation... 0.01 in.
*Highest since 9 o'clock last night...
*Lowest since 9 o'clock last night...
*Rain or snow fall... Trace, less than .01 inch.
A. O. CLARK, Observer.

Church Announcements.
Every young man in our city is cordially invited to attend the song and gospel service, the Y. M. C. A. rooms every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 12. Y. P. S. C. E. 6 p. m.
ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN CHURCH.
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Regular services conducted by the pastor, at 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor society at 6 p. m. Evening services at 7 p. m.
ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.
First mass at 8 a. m. High mass at 10:30. Catechism for the children at 2:30 p. m. Sunday evening at 7:30. Vespers and benediction of the blessed sacrament.
BAPTIST CHURCH.
Preaching at 10:30 and 7 by the pastor, Rev. Hector C. Leland. Sunday school at 12. Y. P. C. E. meeting at 6.
ST. LUKE'S CHURCH.
Second Sunday in Advent. 10:45 litany, holy communion and sermon. Sunday school at 12. Evening prayer at 7. Topic: "Self Culture" as influenced by "surroundings," being the third in the series before the students of the college. All invited.
EVANGELICAL CHURCH.
The Evangelical Mission at A. O. U. W. Hall. Sunday school at 10 a. m. Woman's missionary meeting at 6 p. m.; an interesting program will be given. Evening service at 7 o'clock. A missionary address, subject: "Our Outlook and Outlook."
METHODIST—COURT HOUSE.
Services at 10:30 and 7. Class at 9:45. Sabbath school at 12. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Evening subject: "Home, or the United Paradise," first of the series. The public welcome.

STERN BRO'S, OPERA HOUSE
—BLOCK—
HOLIDAY GOODS!
It will soon be time to be thinking (if it has not already occupied your thoughts) about the purchase of suitable presents for the holidays. Our store is a veritable bazaar this season; we have an entire new line of Dolls, Games, Albums, Photograph Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Work Boxes, Toilet Sets, Handkerchiefs and Glove Boxes, and hundreds of other articles for the big as well as the little folks, all marked at our well known lowest prices. Any goods bought of us will keep, if so desired, until the holidays, or until called for.

Dress Goods.
Fancy mixed Suitings 36 inches wide, will make a stylish handsome suit, at 25 cents a yard; all wool Storm Serges, 38 inches wide, at 50 cents a yard; 52 inch all wool broadcloth at 98 cents a yard. \$1.25 would be the right price; 52 inch Storm Serges at 75 cents a yard.

Mittens.
In Silk, Kid, with fur tops or plain, all wool double yarn mittens at 25 cents a pair; 35 cents is what you pay elsewhere for the same grades; pure Silk Mittens at 75 cents a pair; Kid Mittens at 60 cents; \$1.00 and \$1.50 a pair.

Blankets.
We offer an all wool extra heavy 11-4 Blanket at \$5.00 a pair; these blankets are well worth \$6.50.

Cloaks.
If you have not bought a winter wrap yet be sure to see what we are offering you will save money by it.
RUBBER OVERSHOES, lined or unlined in all grades, styles and qualities. Complete line at the right prices.

Maple Park Addition
IN CITY OF DIXON,
Located on the bank of Rock River, in West Dixon, is 5 blocks from shoe factory, 4 blocks from college and five minutes walk from depots.
CHEAP LOTS!
Platted in Lots 50x150 with 20 foot alleys
Most Desirable in The City!
Lots will be sold on terms to suit purchasers, either monthly or otherwise. Parties may see plat and property by calling on J. H. Clark or at W. H. Hillis office.

CHICAGO AND GRIFFITH
THEIR NEW COMING
GRIFFITH—no other has two fuel oil pipes and four radiators, including a complete belt line.
LOTS ONLY \$120 TO \$225
Monthly Payments, \$4 to \$15
We tell all about waiting for your address. Here's ours:
Room 414, 1st Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

—Hon. Wm. Barge was in Freeport this morning on legal business.
Lu B. Calk, the most versatile humorist prince of pleasantries. With New York Ideals at chapel tonight. Admission 30 cents.
—Frank Stock has returned from Pennsylvania and brought with him a bride. On October 15 Miss Alvernon Fisher and our citizen were married at Bloomsburg, Pa. The young people are now residents of North Dixon.
The entertainment at the college tonight is not a lecture or quartette singing. Hear the "Ghost of Bill Nye," "Swiss Echo Novelties" and the "Original Jubilee Songs."
—We are sorry to learn of the painful and dangerous injury which has come to Mrs. Ellen Murphy, of Hennepin avenue, mother of our citizens William, Peter and John Coffey. An impacted fracture of the left hip was caused by a fall on ice in her yard last night. She is eighty eight years old and it would seem too feeble to endure the suffering. Drs. Law & Owens were called to her assistance.

—Some time ago there resided in THE TELEGRAPH building a family who owned a large and ferocious appearing dog. The office had few visitors then, but the family has since moved out and the dog is gone. We are now overrun with book canvassers, bible agents and poets on the "beautiful." Life is a burden and we are considering the purchase of an extra-large bull dog to protect us from our tormentors.
—The quiet town of Ashton was aroused by many gun and pistol shots on Thursday night. Thieves entering the postoffice were seen by Lime Randall, who rooms over the postoffice, and were shot at by him. They returned the fire and succeeded in sending a bullet into the leg of a tailor who was watching the fight from an upper window. The thieves escaped with about four dollars and some stamps. Carl Chaffer reports the affair here today.
—In the last annual report of the Central Union Mission of Washington, D. C., we notice the name of a former citizen of Dixon as Secretary of the Board of Directors and also of the building committee, namely A. L. Swartwout, brother of N. F. Swartwout of the North Side. The mission with which he is thus prominently connected is unsectarian, the board representing the leading churches of the city, and a large part of its work is to save men who leave home influences and fall under the temptations of a temporary residence at the National capital.

New Officers for A. O. U. W.
Forrest Home Lodge No. 137 Ancient Order United Workmen at last night's meeting elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Master Workman, Mox Rosenthal; Foreman, Steve Youngman; Overseer, Hiram Myers; Recorder, James Haley; Receiver, Joe Petersberger; Guide, C. E. Chandler; Inside watch, U. P. Feinsburg; Outside watch, H. Scott; Trustee, Thomas Cheate; Medical examiners, Drs. C. C. Hunt and C. C. Edson.
Painless Dentistry.
Dr. J. W. Stephen, Dentist, has something new in the way of filling teeth without pain; whereby a person can have a tooth filled and not suffer the tortures of the same. So many people are afraid to have dental work done, from the fear of being hurt. Come and be convinced and you will think it a pleasure to sit down and have a tooth filled. All work pertaining to the dental art done in a workmanlike manner. Especial attention paid to the regulating of children's teeth. Prices for plate work and filling moderate. Office corner First street and Galena avenue.

Theodore Wilson and Wife at Home
One of the most complete and modern country homes in Lee county received an old fashioned "warming" last night. The new residence of Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wilson in Palmyra is completed and nicely furnished from cellar to garret and last evening two hundred neighbors and a dozen or so people from this city were elegantly entertained there. The house is as complete in its appointments as the most modern city houses, except as to gas and electric light. By a powerful windmill water is forced into a large tank in the attic and by this means hot or cold water supplies a model bath room and closet on the second floor. A furnace heats the home throughout. The old home will be moved back for other purposes. The guests last evening were entertained with cards and other amusements and delicious refreshments were served.

St. Nicholas for Young Folks.
John G. Whittier long ago wrote of St. Nicholas: "It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best children's periodical in the world." Edward Eggleston, the author of the "Losses Schoolmaster" says of it, "There is not one of the number that does not stir the curiosity, inform the memory, stimulate thought, and enlarge the range of the imagination." Founded in 1873 and from the first number edited by Mary Maples Dodge, St. Nicholas is now entering upon its twentieth year. The most famous writers have contributed to its pages in the past, but never has its editor been able to offer a better program or a more distinguished list of contributors than for 1893.
There is to be a series of illustrated papers on "The Leading Cities of the United States,"—the story of each city told by a prominent resident. Edmund Clarence Steadman will write of New York; Thomas W. Higginson, of Boston; New Orleans will be described by Geo. W. Cable, and Baltimore by President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University. Dr. Lyman Abbot will tell the story of Brooklyn, and other cities will be treated by other famous men. There will be articles on the World's Fair, and a number of pages of funny pictures and humorous verses.
Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, the well-known author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," etc., will contribute the leading serial for St. Nicholas during the coming year. The Nov. number opens with a three page poem by John G. Whittier, which has in it some of the most beautiful lines the good Quaker poet has ever written, describing the visit of a party of young girls to his home.
The School Journal says, "Place St. Nicholas in your household, and you need have no fears for the lessons taught your children." The magazine is the greatest aid that the teacher and conscientious parent can possibly have. It entertains, and at the same time educates and instructs. The subscription price is \$3 a year. Remittances may be made directly to the publishers, The Century Co., 281 East 17th St., New York.

KICKER'S CORNER.

Religious Intolerance in Persecution.
MR. EDITOR:—In my somewhat critical article last Saturday I did not wish to be understood to intimate that religious persecution commenced with the ascension of Christianity. I think that no government has ever been dominated by any system of religion without becoming intolerant of all opposing systems. Realizing that man's religious convictions are deep-seated, in liberty along this line theocracies have always asserted their own overthrow, and sought to crush out freedom of conscience. Pagan Rome was no exception, though perhaps as tolerant as any ancient government. I stated, what I think will not be denied, that when Constantine seated Christianity on the throne beside the temporal power of that vast empire, persecution did not cease; and I think it never has ceased and never will cease where the government assumes any power whatever over the consciences and religious convictions of men.
It has been represented to me that I drew my illustrations of persecution for conscience sake from the history of past times; and that no such spirit now existed, at any rate in protestant christian communities. To disabuse the mind of the fallacy that religious intolerance has ceased in this age and nation which the supreme court has declared Christian, it is only necessary to read an article in the December number of "The Arena," by its able editor, B. O. Flower, from which I quote:
"At the town of Paris, Henry Co. Tenn., on the 18th of July, 1892, three conscientious, law abiding, God-fearing Christian men who had been lying in jail for a month and a half, were marched through the streets, in company with some colored criminals, and put to work shoveling on the common highway. All were men of family and education. One was a man of sixty-two years; another was fifty-five years old. The state attorney, who, in the interest of fanaticism, prosecuted these men with the same ferocity as a bloodhound would exhibit in attacking its victim, was constrained to admit that *aside from the crime charged, that was working on Sunday after they had religiously worshipped God on Saturday (their Sabbath) they were otherwise good citizens.*" It will be noted that these men had not robbed their fellowmen, either legally or illegally; they were not extortioners; they were highly moral and exemplary citizens. Moreover they were God-fearing men. They belonged to the little band of earnest believers in Christ known as Seventh Day Adventists, a body of Christians who find in the Bible an injunction which they hold to be divine, requiring them to work six days in the week and to keep the seventh day, and who do not find any passage repealing this command in the Holy Scriptures. These sincere men worshipped God according to His Word as they understood it, by keeping holy the Sabbath, or seventh day of the week. But they were poor men. Fifty-two days in the year were the only rest they could afford if the will of want was to be kept from the door. * * *
"The prosecution did not attempt to prove that any one was disturbed by the work of these poor farmers; indeed, the witnesses for the state each declared that he was not disturbed. One of the prisoners had been ploughing strawberries on Sunday, another cutting sprouts, and still another loading wood on a wagon. The accused did not employ counsel, but each made a simple statement of his case, relying upon the guarantee of the Constitution and the intelligence of the judge and jury for acquittal. * * *
"The accused were promptly found guilty by the jury, and on refusing to pay the unjust fine were remanded to jail on June 3, where they remained for over forty days. The sheriff had a high conception of justice than the judge. He remarked to the latter that the convicted were 'sincere in their belief.' 'Let them educate their consciences by the laws of Tennessee,' exclaimed this judge, who had sworn to uphold that Constitution which declares that:
"No human authority can in any case whatever control or interfere with the rights of conscience," and that 'no preference shall ever be given by law to any religious establishment or mode of worship.'
"After laying in jail for over forty days, three of these conscientious, upright citizens were taken out, chained to three unscrupulous criminals who had been sentenced for drunkenness, shooting in the street, and fighting the city marshal, and set to work on the public highway. What a humiliating spectacle to a justice and liberty-loving American! Three upright, noble-souled men, who like the early Christians and the children of the Reformation, were loyal to the voice of conscience, were chained to depraved and brutalized criminals.
"The case above noted is only one of a number of similar instances where persecuted Christian people have been cruelly persecuted for conscience' sake; and it will seem to the reader that the system of prosecutions and the heartless ferocity with which these just and upright persons have been pursued, that they are victims of an organized effort, which has for its ultimate aim the securing of a series of judicial rulings calculated to further the determined effort being made to unite church and State and abridge the rights of American citizens."
I said last week that the judicial recognition of Christianity as the national religion was the first step toward a union of Church and State. Do not these events sanction the assertion? The demand by congress for the closing of the World's Fair on Sunday is another step in the same direction. Suppose that in Louisiana, where the Catholics are numerically in the majority, they should compel the protestants to observe the days made holy by their church, by methods such as above stated; or suppose that in Michigan, where the Second Adventists have some strength, they should combine with the Hebrews so disposed and enact a law compelling under such penalties all Christians to rest on the seventh day; how long would it be before the whole country would be aroused to repel such tyranny? and yet we blind our eyes to the drift of events and thank God that this is a christian nation. All sit thinking of these things I fancy that I hear the faint echoes of a voice from Judea—echoes that Time has wafted down the centuries for nearly nineteen hundred years almost unheeded, and they whisper these words: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." OX. Y. Z.

If you want an \$8.75 Oxford Sunday School Teacher's Bible for \$3.50 call on C. A. Ballou at Ripley & Long's grocery store. 11
Bids will be received by the Dixon Power & Lighting Co., up to Wednesday December 7, 1892, for the lumber and material in the bins, machine casings, and mill furniture in the Dixon Mill, and to be removed at purchaser's expense at once. 5215
First class dress-making a 218 Ottawa avenue, facing Court House on East Side. 51w2*
The finest lot of hand picked apples yet received in this city at Woodruff & Phillips'. 5014w
Get my prices on live poultry before you sell, at Woodruff & Phillips' coal office, Dixon. 5014w F. W. BUTLER.
Fresh home made candies at the Auditorium restaurant. Quality cannot be excelled. 3816
Cream Bon Bons, Caramels, Taffies, Cream Chocolates, Cream and Chocolate Wafers, etc., made daily at the Auditorium restaurant. 4816
The Auditorium's fresh candies are the best—made daily. 4816
Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.
Soft coal that burns as clear as wood is nice, and Pitcher sells it. dw
Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.
E. Boltzental, on First street, will sell before and after Christmas at bottom prices, cigars, imported and domestic tobacco.
Ladies call and get a free sample of Peach Blossom for the complexion. 36m3 Miss Anna Sheleton, Hair dresser.
Cubeb Cough Cure—one minute
Don't Grunt
about you feet hurting you when CHRYSO CORN CURE will cure corns, bunions, etc. Every bottle warranted, at H. E. Donaldson, Druggist.
DELEON, July 23, 1891
Messrs. LIPPMAN BROS., Savannah, Ga. GENTLEMEN:—I've used nearly four bottles of P. P. P. I was afflicted from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. Your P. P. P. has cured difficulty of breathing and smothering, palpitation of the heart, and relieved me of all pain; one nostril was closed for ten years, now I can breathe through it readily.
I have not slept on either side for two years, in fact, dreaded to see the night come; now I sleep soundly in any position all night.
I am 59 years old, but expect soon to be able to take hold of the plow handles. I feel that I was lucky enough to get P. P. P., and I heartily recommend it to my friends and the public generally.
Yours Respectfully,
A. M. RAMSEY
THE STATE OF TEXAS,
County of Comanche. }
Before the undersigned authority on this day, personally appeared A. M. Ramsey, who after being duly sworn, says on oath that the foregoing statement made by him relative to the virtue of P. P. P. medicine is true. A. M. RAMSEY
Sworn to and subscribed before me this August 4th, 1891.
J. M. LAMBERT, N. P.
Comanche Co., Texas.
The wind from the North blows sharp and keen, and bad effects of cold are seen. One Minute Cough Cure so safe and sure will quickly perform a wondrous cure. D. S. Horton, agent.
What is more disgusting to a refined person than to see a dirty, tartar-covered set of teeth, and there is no excuse for having the teeth in this condition when you can get a bottle of Sexafroo for 75 cents, which in short space of time will change them to a pearly white. It takes the lead of Tooth Washes and is beneficial to the teeth and not injurious as are many of the cheap tooth washes now on market. Sold and warranted by D. S. Horton.
Important Testimony.
I have had sciatic rheumatism for eight years. The pains in my limbs and back were unbearable, and I could not use my left limb. I was confined to my bed weeks at a time with tormenting pains. Four bottles of Hilb's Rheumatic Syrup entirely cured me. C. L. DUHAM, Druggist, Avoca, Iowa.
THE CALIFORNIAN
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
Published in San Francisco, California, has a circulation all over the world; its growth during one year is positively phenomenal in the annals of Magazine Literature surpassing every other magazine in the world in the same space of time. The reasons are obvious.
It has strong financial backing.
Its contents are replete with typical descriptions of CALIFORNIA AND PACIFIC COAST subjects—scenery, climate, fruit and flowers. Its range of topics is cosmopolitan, embracing sketches of European and American scenes and characters.
It discusses without bias or partisan zeal the living questions of the day.
It owns and controls its entire plant, including type, the LARGEST PRESS in the COAST, a complete half-tone and photo-gravure outfit, and employs its own artists.
Its aim is to develop the natural, commercial, social and literary capacities of Western and Interior America; to present only what is pure in tone, instructive in matter and interesting in form.
The price of this magazine is \$3.00 a year, postage prepaid; the subscription list is increasing over twelve hundred a month, and it has a LARGER CIRCULATION ON THE PACIFIC COAST THAN ANY MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD.
We present to every annual subscriber a beautiful picture, 16x24 inches, of one of the Old California Missions, or a view from the far-famed Yosemite Valley. It is the intention of the Publishers to offer a variety of beautiful premiums for annual subscriptions, commencing with the January 1893 Number.
SEND TO
CALIFORNIA PUBLISHING COMPANY
Academy of Sciences Building
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA
FOR THIS
GREAT PREMIUM LIST
From a California Curiosity to a \$100 Organ
APPLES!
A carload just receive from the State of Main, at
Woodruff & Phillips Coal Office.
Finest and cheapest in the city.

Truman & Co
Opera House Block.
HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR SALE!
One whole week.
The success of our Linen Sale this week has encouraged us to believe that people appreciate bargains. We offer for next week 500 pair Ladies' and Misses Hosiery at one-half price to close; 500 odd pieces Underwear at one-half price to close. One week, beginning Monday, December 5th.
W. F. WEAVER & CO.
Glanfield Bro's
ARCHITECTS!
Dixon, Illinois.
Office, Brown's Bldg.
I HAVE FIFTY Newly Trimmed Hats!
All of the latest shapes and fashions, trimmed in the latest styles, which will be sold at a bargain for the next Ten Days.
Call and See them and be convinced.
Mrs. J. N. Barrus,
Cor. Galena and Second St.
C. P. JACKSON, 159 Hennepin Avenue.
Orders by mail given prompt attention.
JOB PRINTING
—OF—
EVERY DESCRIPTION
—DONE AT THE—
TELEGRAPH OFFICE.
Recommended for Comfort, Support and Fine Fit, and combines the best features of Corset and Waist. The **JACKSON FAVORITE C.C.C. WAIST** is much worn by women and misses unable to wear a rigorous garment. Sewed Fitting, beautifully made, Warranted. Equal to any \$1.25 waist. Colors—White, Drab, Gold, Fast Black. Genuine marked C.C.C. 7000 deters sell it. Sample sent, post paid, for \$1.00.
JACKSON, Michigan.
HAINES
BROTHERS
REMINENT
PIANOS
DIX N
Music Co.
Sole Ag'ts
160
Galena Ave.
Dixon, Ill.

L. D. PITCHER,
DEALER IN
Best Grades of Coal
—INCLUDING—
Spring Valley and Assumption!
Farm Machinery, Buggies, Wagons, Etc.
Prices as Low as the Lowest!
Cor. Seventh and Depot Sts., Dixon,
Telephone No. 19.
LUMBER!
J. H. SARLES & CO., Depot Avenue, are receiving daily Lumber of all kinds for the
DIXON MARKET.
If you contemplate building, anything from a coal bin to a factory, you will do well to see us. We solicit your patronage. No trouble to show stock and furnish estimates.
J. H. SARLES & CO.,
Telephone No. 104. Depot Avenue.
REMEMBER!
J. A. YATES
No. 6 EAST MAIN STREET
Is the place to go to buy your WINTER SUPPLIES
And Save Money!
NO BARGAINS OFFERED, BUT ALL COMPETITION MET.
No. 6, East Main St.
SLEDS, TOYS, DOLLS, AND CARTS, AT C. A. LUCAS' 155 Galena Ave.
LADIES' AND GENTS' SHOES
A Lady's Hand-turn Cloth top \$3.00 Shoe, a beauty.
See our Ladies' and Gentlemen's \$2.00 and \$3.00 Shoes.
Lowest Prices given on Misses' and Children's Shoes.
Yours To Serve,
HALEY & DREW,
NO., 15 FIRST STREET.
I HAVE FIFTY Newly Trimmed Hats!
All of the latest shapes and fashions, trimmed in the latest styles, which will be sold at a bargain for the next Ten Days.
Call and See them and be convinced.
Mrs. J. N. Barrus,
Cor. Galena and Second St.
C. P. JACKSON, 159 Hennepin Avenue.
Orders by mail given prompt attention.
THE FAIR
X-Mas Goods!
We can save you time and money if you call at our store for your Christmas Presents.
SHOES!
120 Pair of Ladies' and Children's Sample Shoes to close out. Come before your size is gone as you
Can Save 50 to 75 Cts. If You Buy a Pair of Them!
B. EDELSTEIN, THE FAIR MAN
Opera Block.
BRINK & DEETER CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moldings, AND INTERIOR FINISH
ORDERS FOR STORM SASH SOLICITED!
Brink & Deeter Company,
Telephone No. 54. River Street, Dixon.